

HELPS TO HAPPINESS

FRANKLIN A. STILES



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Franklin A. Stiles.

Helps to Happiness

POEMS

BY

FRANKLIN A. STILES

MCMXII



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J. ARTHUR SCHULKINS



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Introduction



O pretense of literary merit is made for these poems, but they are offered solely to secure a clear and definite comprehension of their divine message---a message of sweet and tender love to those weary in body and soul, who being pressed with the care and burdens common to man, have neither time nor inclination to acquaint themselves with the more profound creations of literature.

Their variety of theme and simplicity are such that one unconsciously becomes enveloped in the spell of their gracious warmth; awakens to the value of uniting love with intellect, and acquires the knowledge that our faith in God and Man can be redeemed only by those having loving consecrated hearts in tune with the infinite, forgetful of self, and always striving for the welfare of their fellow-men. These characteristics Mr. Stiles possesses pre-eminently because his exertions invariably culminate in ministry unto the lowly.

I hope that all who read his thoughts, will realize that they were written with no selfish motive, but for the sole purpose of arousing hearts to the great possibilities and rewards resultant from association and fellowship with the "Master of all good workmen." MARTYN H. BAHR

Chicago, Illinois
September Twentieth, 1912

Contents

LIFE THOUGHTS.

A HAPPY HEART	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
BEAUTIFUL WITHIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4
THE FOOTPATH TO PEACE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5
THE CHRISTIAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7
A BIT OF SUNSHINE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	6
A BETTER WORLD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9
MY PILOT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10
OUR DAYS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13
THE WORLD'S GOLDEN RULE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	11
GOD'S PLANS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	14
EVERYBODY'S LONESOME	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	15
HOPE SEES A STAR	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	17
WAYSIDE MINISTRIES	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	18
BE A BLESSING	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	23
SILVERED CLOUDS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	19
REST	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	21
LIFE'S RUGGED WAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	24
THE PATH TO SUCCESS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	25
A WELL SPENT DAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	26
GIVERS OF LIGHT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	29
MOMENTOUS MOMENTS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	27
GLADNESS OF HEART	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	30
MAKE ME A CHILD AGAIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	21
LIFE'S TASK	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	35
MY HEART AND I	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	33
SAY "THANK YOU" TO GOD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	36
MAKERS OF HAPPINESS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	41

PALM BRANCHES FOR THE KING.

BUSINESS FOR THE KING	-	-	-	-	-	-	37
THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS	-	-	-	-	-	-	39
CHRIST THE WONDERFUL	-	-	-	-	-	-	42
LOVE'S BROKEN WING	-	-	-	-	-	-	43
THE SWEETEST STORY	-	-	-	-	-	-	45

PRAYER.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER - - - - -	103
MY PRAYER - - - - -	104
MY MORNING PRAYER - - - - -	105
MY EVENING PRAYER - - - - -	107

SUNBEAMS FOR SOUL WINNERS.

WINNING SOULS FOR JESUS - - - - -	111
JEWELS FROM THE HIGHWAYS - - - - -	109
TAKE THE LAD WITH YOU - - - - -	112
WHERE IS ABLE THY BROTHER? - - - - -	113
JESUS AND THE CHILDREN - - - - -	115
THE WAITING SAVIOUR - - - - -	117
SUPPOSE - - - - -	118
SHINING LIKE THE STARS - - - - -	119
WHEN I MAKE UP MY JEWELS - - - - -	120
EMPTY HANDED - - - - -	121

ECHOES FROM NATURE.

GOD EVERYWHERE - - - - -	123
LOWLY MINISTERS. - - - - -	125
ATOMS - - - - -	126
CLIMBING HEAVENWARD - - - - -	127
LITTLE VIOLET - - - - -	128
GOD'S VOICE IN THE BUSH - - - - -	129
THE SAGE OF THE FOREST - - - - -	130
THE STARS - - - - -	133
THE MINISTRY OF A STAR - - - - -	131
THE SEA'S MESSAGE TO ME - - - - -	134
EVENING ON THE LAKE - - - - -	137
THE ANCHOR - - - - -	135
A NEW DAY - - - - -	138
THE SETTING SUN - - - - -	139
THE FADED ROSE - - - - -	140
GOOD NIGHT - - - - -	141

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

PEACE - - - - -	
JOY - - - - -	
TRUTH - - - - -	
	157
HUMILITY - - - - -	158
TRUST - - - - -	163
CONTENTMENT - - - - -	159
TRUST AND PRAY - - - - -	161

GRACES.

FAITH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
HOPe	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
LOVE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
A VICTORIOUS FAITH							142
GRACES THREE	-	-	-	-	-	-	143
							144

COUNTRY MUSINGS.

THE OLD FARM	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	147
SPRINGTIME IN THE COUNTRY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	145
SUMMER EVE IN THE COUNTRY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	148
A WINTER'S DAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	149
FOLDED PETALS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	150
AT EVENTIDE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	151
A REAL VACATION	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	153
THE WOODS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	155

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE	-	-	-	-	-	-	165
THE OLD FAMILY PEW	-	-	-	-	-	-	166
MOTHER'S DAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	175
YOUR WEDDING DAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	177
THE GOLDEN WEDDING	-	-	-	-	-	-	172
MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS	-	-	-	-	-	-	179
WAITING FOR CHRISTMAS	-	-	-	-	-	-	191
MAN AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL	-	-	-	-	-	-	113
EASTER PRAISE	-	-	-	-	-	-	169
SUPPOSE TONIGHT	-	-	-	-	-	-	170
THE PESSIMIST	-	-	-	-	-	-	171

PATRIOTISM.

GOD'S HAND IN AMERICA'S HISTORY	-	-	-	185
REMEMBER THE BRAVE	-	-	-	187
NO FLOWERS FOR THE SOLDIERS	-	-	-	189

GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING	-	-	-	-	-	182
NO NIGHT THERE	-	-	-	-	-	181
NO GOOD-BYES IN HEAVEN	-	-	-	-	-	183

HELPS TO
HAPPINESS

A Happy Heart

Would you possess a happy heart?
Then put your trust in God;
Your soul in touch with heaven while,
Your feet are on the sod.

If your heart is to be happy
It must from sin be free;
Then you can walk and talk with God
And his blessed face can see.

You surely will be happy
If you're gentle, true and kind;
Help lift another's burdens
And their broken hearts to bind.

The blessed boon, "Be happy!"
Is won by acts of love;
The gathering wayside jewels
For your God who reigns above.

To have your heart's affection
Twined 'round your Saviour dear;
Will make life's path most blessed
And fill your soul with cheer.

Beautiful Within

God make me beautiful within,
That all I meet may see,
That in my heart there ever dwells
The Christ of Calvary.

I will be beautiful within
If Christ dwells in my heart;
And cleanses with his precious blood,
And ne'er from me doth part.

If I am beautiful within
My outer life will glow,
With many deeds of kindness
And my love to others flow.

Father, make me beautiful within,
My heart from sin set free;
May my journey through this vale of time
Be one of victory.

The Footpath to Peace

Be glad for life that gives to you
A chance to love and work;
Whate'er the number of your years,
Be active, never shirk.

Be satisfied with what you have,
With yourself be not content;
Just make the best of everything,
On doing good, be bent.

And nothing in the world despise,
Except the false and mean;
Let your admirations govern you,
Your love be felt and seen.

Fear nothing except cowardice,
What's your neighbor's covet not;
Except his kindness of heart
And the gentleness he's got.

Think seldom of your enemies,
But often of your friends;
Have Christ in mind each coming day
From morning till it ends.

Just let your body, spirit, soul
Through prayer find sweet release;
You'll find that these are posts that guide
On the path which leads to peace.

A Bit of Sunshine

You should have a bit of sunshine,
To be scattered far and near;
For there always will be shadows,
And at times each heart is drear.

One whose path is dark and gloomy,
You can silver it with light,
Gild it with your friendship true,
And a bit of sunshine bright.

Many, many hearts are aching,
Some of them you sure will meet;
With a happy smile and handshake
Cast your sunshine at their feet.

Yes, these little bits of sunshine,
Broken fragments of the heart,
Make some life more worth the living
Bringing joy, not tears, to start.

Take your silver spade of sunshine,
To life's desert drear and bare;
Plant the seeds of loving kindness
Cheer the hearts oppressed with care.

When life's little day is ended,
At God's feet your sheaves lay down;
He'll have changed your bit of sunshine
Into jewels for your crown.

The Christian

Out in the world of struggle,
By the trodden pathway of life,
The Christ-like man e'er watches
Through the long and weary strife.
Here, in the light of God's Spirit,
There is rest and protection for all,
If they come to the Christian's Saviour,
He is ready to answer their call.

What means earth's hard rugged pathway?
What means the sunshine so bright?
Is it better to dwell in the darkness,
Than where the Christian finds light?
Shall we dwell in the gloom and darkness,
And gather the briars and thorns?
And say the world is all sadness
And man is a creature that mourns?

Ah, no, 'tis not so with the Christian,
To no life of sorrow he calls;
For he binds up the wounds of affliction,
And lifts up a brother that falls.
He's Christ's man, ready to help,
The heart broken, sinful and weak;
Tells them there's pardon and blessing,
If they only the Saviour will seek.

The Christian dwells in the sunshine,
And basks in the Saviour's love;
Lives not for the seen and the temporal,
But the unseen and eternal above.
He goes out in gloom and darkness
'Mid the gathering clouds of despair;
And the love of his heart is brightest,
When he banishes other men's care.

Though life's road leads through the shadows,
Just remember, O pilgrim, I pray,
To the Christian, it ends not in darkness,
But grows brighter and brighter each day.
When his final farewell is spoken,
And his body sleeps 'neath the sod;
His soul mounts the ladder celestial,
That slopes up through darkness to God."

A Better World

The world is what we make it, friends,
In righteousness or sin;
And if you want a better world,
In your own heart begin.

The many burdens in the world,
They press the heart, 'tis true;
But if you share your part of them,
You make them far more few.

We find here many aching hearts,
And tears that dim the eye,
Just help to dry a few of them,
As golden moments fly.

The world has much unhappiness,
You can add some cheer you know;
Just pluck a thistle, plant a flower
Where'er a flower will grow.

Be in the world, not of the world,
In it as Christ would be;
Then much of sin and misery,
That's in the world will flee.

Go make the world's walls jasper like,
Its gates the highest praise;
Become a pillar for our God,
And His Spiritual Temple raise.

My Pilot

At last my little barque must leave
The quiet of the bay;
Oh, who will help me shun the cliffs,
At night as well as day?
To keep me safely through the storms
And winds my sails will riven,
Through the angry billows of the sea
To reach at last fair haven.

I would not choose the course I take,
The channel my barque will sail,
To trust its guidance to myself,
Would be to sadly fail.
I know my Lord hath marked the way
Through the billows of the sea,
With this great Pilot at the wheel
I've the anchor of hope with me.

I will not trust my barque alone,
However strong its keel,
Or sail the unknown sea of life
With my own hand at the wheel;
But if He who guides the swing of worlds
That from their orbs they do not reel,
I know I'll cross the bar in peace
With my Pilot at the wheel.

The World's Golden Rule

"Every man for himself" is the world's golden rule,
Pat him on the back who can be used as a tool;
Make friends with him whose coffers are full,
Who'll return every favor with a measure brim full.

You can borrow his horse if you have one of your
own,

He rules an eye for an eye, a bone for a bone;
He speaks very friendly as long's there's a chance
By mingling with you, his own way to enhance.

He serves while in office the bad, not the best,
For the purpose of feathering his own little nest;
Money coming to him must quickly be paid,
While his obligations are often delayed.

All neighbors are cousins to him who is rich,
But the poor man's brother does not own him as
"sich;"

In times of prosperity friends will be plenty,
But when adversity comes not one in twenty.

"Every man for himself" is the world's golden rule,
Eat, drink and be merry, no thought for the soul;
Pitch in and get rich, lay hold of gold,
Build larger barns and tear down the old.

How different is Christ's rule of living for others,
Of treating all men as if they were brothers;
Giving, yet hoping for nothing again,
Thinking far less of gold and far more of men.

The blessing of others with no thought of pay,
Like a sweet, lovely flower along the highway;
Building for eternity as well as for time,
Makes life worth the living, golden, sublime.

Our Days

Our days are gliding swiftly by,
Like birds upon the wing, do fly;
What have they meant to us and others,
To friends and neighbors and to brothers.

Have we in them noble action done,
And scattered light just like the sun?
Or used them for our selfish ease,
That we our own dear selves might please?

O, Giver of these golden days,
Help us to spend them for Thy praise;
Not live for self but live for others,
For friends and neighbors and for brothers.

Warm other hearts with life and joy,
And Christ-like all our time employ;
Like Him make blessed all our years,
Bear other's burdens, dry their tears.

We shall meet the record of our years,
'Twill be with joy and not with fears;
If on each day we've thought of others,
Of friends and neighbors and of brothers.

God's Plans

“God’s plans, like lilies pure and white unfold,”
Time will reveal the inner heart of gold;
And in them every man will surely see,
Why he was born, and what he is to be.

The minister is called to preach for God,
And so is he who humbly turns the sod;
Or he who helps remove the woe of pain,
Interprets law and brings in peace to reign.

The village blacksmith o’er his anvil bent,
Is forging links in the chain of time’s events;
And he who tills the soil and keeps it wed,
Helps answer him who prays for daily bread.

The mother toiling educates her child,
Who in later years goes into heathen wilds;
And prays and toils their every heart to win,
Both in God’s plan help save this world from sin.

Whatever be thy work on earth or sphere,
If in it you are true and faithful here;
In harmony with God’s unfolding plan,
Your life will glorify the Son of Man.

Everybody's Lonesome

Souls there are who dwell apart
In a starless firmament;
With loneliness gnawing at the heart
Brim full of discouragement.

There are countless throngs of people
Kings and servants, great and small,
Desolate like the old church steeple
That crowns the crumbling wall.

Its iron tongue no longer swinging
With its cheerful call to prayer;
The choir has ceased its singing,
Gone, those who worshipped there.

Like a star that stands alone
Oft is man among his fellows;
Or a little violet in a field of stone
Its head drooping like the willows.

E'en the little bird is sadly
Mourning for its absent mate;
Peering in the nest that's empty
A picture of man's sad fate.

The love touch of an absent friend
Whose presence was our soul's delight;
Like a lovely day too soon will end
And turn the sunshine into night.

The mother misses her absent boy;
Sadly remembers the home ties broken;
He, who was her pride and joy
Is now beyond love's kindly token.

We should people other souls with happiness
By some thoughtful words of cheer;
And plant sweet flowers of kindness
To bloom in hearts like deserts drear.

Help them to be brave and strong,
With hearts more bright and gladsome;
And may we not forget while traveling along
That sometime, everybody's lonesome.

Hope Sees a Star

When darkness o'er the waves doth roll,
Then the boatman sees a star;
That sparkles like a brilliant gem,
And seen both near and far;

He glides along his lonely way,
Yet cheered by that bright star;
He rows with lighter heart towards home,
No fear his soul doth mar.

He trusts in Home whose advent here,
Was marked by a shining star;
Whose rays lit up old Bethlehem,
And sent its light afar.

Upon the boisterous sea of life,
'Tis hope that sees a star;
Its anchor cast within the veil,
If sailing towards Heaven we are.

Let sorrow's waves dash fierce and high
If the boatman sees hope's star;
'Twill guide him till the night is o'er
And he's safely crossed the bar.

Then standing on the golden shore
Just beyond the shining bar;
The boatman reached his home at last
Through hope that sees a star.

Wayside Ministries

Christ leaving the streets of Jericho
Halted at a blind man's cry;
Touched his eyes, and lo, he sees
Flowers, trees and radiant sky.

A rose was left at an invalid's bed,
Its opening petals brought in cheer;
The one who gave it never knew,
It brought the loving Saviour near.

A man let fall a word of hope,
While working at his bench with zest;
He never knew it dried a tear,
And eased a throbbing, aching breast.

While homeward bound he cast a smile,
At a brother man with labor bent;
Unconscious that it eased a heart,
That was with grief and sorrow rent.

These are wayside ministries,
That scatter sunshine far and near;
And cause this burdened world to feel
That the Christ of Jericho is here.

Silvered Clouds

The sunshine pierces through the gloom,
Though dark has been the night;
There's victory for us ahead
However hard the fight.

No burden is too heavy,
That on the heart doth roll;
But He who cares for sparrows
Will lift it from the soul.

No billowy waves of sorrow,
Against our bark is hurled;
But leaves behind some precious pearls
From God's eternal world.

The tears are very many,
There are hearts that oft do grieve;
But love on swiftest pinions
The hopeless souls relieve.

Some days are dark and gloomy
With clouds and falling rain;
You can line them all with silver
If you trust in Jesus' name.

And don't forget the city,
That's beautiful, bright and fair;
No pain, or care, or sorrow's tears
Can ever enter there.

Just climb the silver ladder,
Whose rounds are rays of light;
That reaches upward through the gloom
To where there is no night.

Rest

In mother Nature's lovely corridors,
Midst a bower of leaves and trees;
With wide expanse of fields,
My soul a charming vision sees.

Beside an old stone wall,
On which are clinging vines;
A sheep with snowy lambs so white
Basks in the sun that shines.

A sparrow on the crumbling wall
Looks down upon this family sweet;
It rests its tired wings awhile
At mother Nature's gentle feet.

Daisies peeping upward through the grass
Bespeak God's loving, tender care;
And little violets, too, so blue
Whisper, the heavenly Father's there.

A flock of grazing, contented sheep
Draw near to the quiet stream;
Far away from the city's noisy din,
No wonder of this restful nook, I dream.

I hear the choir of bees and birds
Chanting their sweet requiem of rest;
Bidding me cast off all cumbering care
And lean on mother Nature's breast.

In a dream, I see Heaven beautiful,
Where at the end of labor's years,
Beside the Rock of Ages I shall rest
With no heartaches, care or sorrow's tears.

To be with friends, I love so tenderly,
Who have been so kind and good to me;
And with Jesus to remain forever
Will rest most heavenly be.

Be a Blessing

Bring to the world a courage brave
A heart brim full of zeal and fire;
Many from weakness you will save,
Their faint and weary souls inspire.

Let your own heart with love o'erflow,
Like dew upon a famished flower;
Just help another as you go,
And be a blessing every hour.

Be in the world a beam of light,
That blesses every wayside flower;
Help scatter all the gloom of night,
Like rays shed from a light-house tower.

Just be a blessing while you live,
By being gentle, kind and true;
Not only get, but freely give,
Be like the Christ who died for you.

Life's Rugged Way

There are stony places in Life's road,
 With many a hill that is high and steep;
When your back will bend beneath the load,
 And you must every ounce of your courage keep;
Then waste not a moment to stop and sigh,
 A voice is whispering, "Be of good cheer,"
For He is with you who reigns on high,
 Push on, try harder, you need not fear.

Remember how the Master went the way
 Of the cross and wore the crown of thorns;
Not a fretful word did they hear Him say,
 For He met with patience all life's storms;
Unto His Father for strength he drew,
 The same way that's open for you and me,
There leave your burden many or few,
 Then peaceful and happy your life will be.

The Path to Success

Hard work is the path that leads to success,
While idleness brings poverty, all must confess;
To get crow's eggs, you must climb up the tree;
Elbow grease, is the stuff to make gold with, you see.

Every man must build up his own fortunes, nowadays,
Shirt sleeves rolled up, leads on to what pays;
The cat that sits longest, will sure get the mouse,
The man who works hardest, ought to have the best
house.

Be diligent in business and you'll stand before kings,
Success comes by plodding, never by wings;
You may pick up pebbles, for pearls you must dive,
The bees keep ever at it, filling their hive.

Don't expect to succeed by one stride or jump,
Gold comes to no man in one great big lump;
By the sweat of the brow or brain we earn bread,
If man will not work, why expect to be fed?

Remember, fidelity, is the price of the crown,
Received only, by those who a cross will lay down;
If you e'er reach the city, whose streets are pure gold,
Blend work with your faith, in the Bible we're told.

A Well Spent Day

A new day dawns clear and splendid,
What will it mean to thee?
If thy faith and works are blended
It will be spent usefully.

Let us make blessed its hours
Guided by God's sweet grace,
Scattering sunshine and flowers
Making lovely earth's desert place.

Then we'll do something for others,
E'er drops the curtain of night;
To the men we meet who are brothers
With struggles and battles to fight.

Each day will be golden when ended
If crowded with loving deeds;
Our wills with God's will blended
In thought for the other man's needs.

O day, whose sun knows no setting,
In the land of pure delight;
The reward of them ne'er forgetting
To live each day for the right.

Momentous Moments

A tick of the clock, is a moment,
More than measureless stretches of time;
Man can waste them in useless living,
Or with them make life sublime.

The beat of the heart, is a moment,
And yet how momentous with fate;
A man may take a step sinward,
Or mount up to heaven's gate.

A burst of a song, is a moment,
If it reaches a heart that's drear,
It may lift it out of the shadows
Make it feel that a Saviour is near.

The closing the eyes, is a moment,
Yet time to offer the prayer
"God be merciful to me a sinner"
And the soul be justified there.

Affliction is but for a moment,
Like the speed of an arrow's dart;
Yet it does its work of glory,
On the tablet of the heart.

The closing of life, is a moment,
Like the swing of a pendulum rod;
Yet a moment that's crowded with blessing
If the soul is trusting in God.

"We shall all be changed in a moment,
In the twinkling of an eye;"
At the last sound of the trumpet,
Victory o'er death is brought nigh.

Our lives are but as a moment,
Momentous, mark you, I pray;
As breezes from the throne eternal,
Rendered immortal are they.

Givers of Light

Go, scatter the sunshine
The world needs each ray;
Go, scatter it broadly
By night and by day;
Go, scatter the sunshine,
Let others be blest;
Go, give them the sunlight
The soul's precious behest.

Go, let your light shine
On men's darkened path;
Go, there is much needed,
A soul cheering laugh;
Go, let your light shine,
Turn darkness to day,
Go, bring others to Jesus,
And show them the way.

Gladness of Heart

Thou hast put gladness in my heart
O God, that ne'er from me doth part,
When pressed with labor or at rest,
The joy within doth stand the test.

My days are never days of ease,
I till my ground and prune my trees;
I labor hard, I toil and sweat,
That gladness never left me yet.

I put my sickle to the grain
When waving golden in the plain;
I work so hard my brow is wet,
That gladness in my heart is set.

The sun is oft unkindly hot,
Transforms my garden to a desert spot;
But life is more than bread or meat,
That gladness in my heart is sweet.

Simply to the cross I cling,
'Tis there my heart can freely sing;
However hard my path may be,
From Heaven's gates Christ beckons me.

Make Me a Child Again

Oh, to be near my Saviour,
As I was when a child,
Before sin's ways I tasted,
And wandered into the wild.

Oh, that the touch of heaven,
So near in my infant days;
Was felt in my sterner manhood,
As I walk earth's sinful ways.

Turn back, O time, to yesterday,
When I was but a boy;
That childhood love, and simple faith,
May be my strength and joy.

Heaven 'round about in infancy,
Will hover near us still,
The Christ who loves the children
Will the heart of manhood fill.

The Christ for little children,
Is the Friend for sterner life;
Let us pray for his near presence,
In our earthly toil and strife.

Yes, we love the Christ of children,
And the Christ for sterner years ;
The Christ, for young and old alike,
Who'll quiet all our fears.

I'll work and pray more faithfully
To enthrone my Saviour here ;
Sorry, for my careless wasting
Of many a golden year.

My Heart and I

We are so happy, my heart and I,
For we're trusting in a Saviour's love;
Though we are living here on earth
Our hopes are anchored in heaven above.

We have sweet peace, my heart and I,
Because our mind is stayed on God;
Our lives are fragrant with his breath
Like roses growing from the sod.

We have calm rest, my heart and I,
However hard or rough the road;
For Christ walks with us day by day
And puts his shoulder 'neath our load.

We have great comfort, my heart and I,
There is a hand that dries our tears;
And binds the wounds that sorrow makes
Along the pathway of our years.

We feel so strong, my heart and I,
"For as thy day thy strength will be"
However hard the work to do,
We hear him say, "Come follow me."

So we look up, my heart and I,
To Christ who loves us both so well;
And we shall true and faithful be,
Until he says, "Come home to dwell."

Then we shall wing, my heart and I,
Our way to mansions bright and fair;
Then sweeping through the pearly gates
We'll dwell with Christ forever there.

Life's Task

Are your many tasks all finished,
When the evening work is done?
No! for on each bright tomorrow,
Comes more tasks ere sets the sun.

Like the Master we must toil sir,
In the lowly fields of earth;
Scattering loving deeds of kindness,
For such mission we had birth.

Many, many hearts are aching,
Many eyes are dimmed with tears;
'Tis our task to lift the burden,
As we travel through the years.

Will a single golden sunset,
Overtake us with empty hand?
Not a single sheaf for Jesus
When we at last before Him stand?

Let us toil as faithful workmen,
Till he says to me and thee,
"Well done, good and faithful servants,
Enter heaven and dwell with me."

Say "Thank You" to God

Say "Thank you" to God in the morning hour,
For keeping you safe through the night;
Pray without ceasing for his indwelling power,
And the sheltering love of his might.

Say "Thank you" to God at the noon hour,
For his keeping thus far through the day;
And whether 'til eve, comes sunshine or shower,
Be sure and let God have his way.

Say "Thank you" to God at the night hour,
That your heart has not yielded to sin;
And on through your life, being kept by his power,
You'll have peace and contentment within.

Business for the King

Let us do business for our King,
Not simply pray or speak or sing;
But fill the world with loving deeds,
Don't trust to ancient forms or creeds.

If we do business for our King,
His principles we'll try to bring
And make them real in human life,
Amidst its toil and press and strife.

We'll be a friend to every man,
Help him in every way we can;
Our lives will speak of Christ our King,
And to the world his Spirit bring.

We'll work among the lowly too,
Just like the Master used to do;
And lift the burdens from the heart,
Bring sunshine and make gloom depart.

Befriend some orphan girl or boy,
Bring to their hearts a little joy;
Yes, we'll do business for our King,
A little heaven to earth we'll bring.

We'll try and be the sort of men,
Who try to do as Christ did, when
He went about a doing good,
In spirit of knightly brotherhood.

Yes, we'll do business for our King,
Till heaven's gates before us swing,
And hear Him say to us "Well done,
A crown of glory thou hast won."

The Shadow of the Cross

Turn out the lights let darkness reign,
Around the painting grand;
Behold a glow of splendor shines
Unseen on sea or land.

It fills the room with a glory,
That e'en outshines the sun;
You almost feel the angels near,
That your home in heaven's begun.

The Man of Sorrows stands alone,
In a bleak and barren field;
Not a single violet or lily white
His heart from loneliness shield.

A picture of his life so sad,
Hardships that filled his years;
Sorrow that finally crushed his heart,
That dimmed his eyes with tears.

O'er the shoulders of this lonely man,
Is the shadow of the cross;
Its origin is a mystery,
To explain it man's at loss.

Its a picture of this darkened world,
Where many sorrows reign;
The shadow of the cross exhales
A glory like a flame.

Let the sun forever hide his face,
And the stars fade from the sky;
Let the shadow of the cross appear,
Lights, celestial greet the eye.

When the gloom of death about me falls,
Sun and stars no longer shine;
Let the shadow of the cross appear
And heaven's radiance will be mine.

Makers of Happiness

May we live to bless our brothers,
Help make the world to richer be;
Our deeds of sympathy be for others,
Through us their hearts be light and free.

Be like the dawn of morning,
That fills the sky with cheerful light;
The river in its ceaseless flowing,
Brings life and verdure day and night.

Stooping like a tree with ripeness,
That fills the sky with cheerful light;
The river in its ceaseless flowing,
Brings life and verdure day and night.

Stooping like a tree with ripeness,
Weighed down with fruit that's meet;
Or a rose, sowing the air with sweetness,
Casting fragrance at our feet.

Like the little songster singing,
Drops its notes afar and near;
As from tree to tree its winging,
Floods each troubled heart with cheer.

Like the Master live for others,
Try their burdened hearts to bless;
Look at other men as brothers,
Help make for them pure happiness.

Christ the Wonderful

The name of Christ is Wonderful,
Who at Bethlehem was born;
In the lowly manger cradle,
For the poor, the sad, forlorn.

The eye of Him is Wonderful
That sees our inner need;
The ear that's open to our cry
When we pray and when we plead.

The heart of Him is Wonderful
Filled with love so broad and deep;
And feet that travel mountainous ways
To bring back the wandering sheep.

The word of Him is Wonderful
To cheer us when we're sad;
A voice that speaks both sweet and kind
To the good and to the bad.

The spirit of Him is Wonderful
That guides us in life's race;
Till we enter through the Gates Ajar
And see Him face to face.

The name of Him is Wonderful
Who in Bethlehem's manger lay;
To Him the white robed choirs above
Their sweetest homage pay.

Love's Broken Wing

There are hearts that are heavy with burdens,
 Around which sorrows cling;
If you do not fly to comfort,
 Your love has a broken wing.

There are sick ones in need of flowers,
 Or a song that you may sing;
If you fail in that sweet mission,
 Your love has a broken wing.

Yes, your love has a broken pinion,
 If you can help the fallen stand
By a touch of timely warning,
 And you fail to offer your hand.

There are hearts just full of evil,
 That Christ can from them fling;
If you fail to bring them to him,
 Your love has a broken wing.

I tell you, my fellow Christians,
 Your love has a broken wing;
If it can't fly across the ocean,
 And to others the Gospel bring.

If it does not lift its pinions,
In response to a dying world's need,
Love's wing is surely broken,
A sad condition, indeed.

Just lift love's wing, O Christian,
Mount up as eagles strong;
Help bring lost men to Jesus,
And push this world along.

Then by and by with love's swift pinions,
You will fly through the gates of gold;
To shine like the stars forever,
Safe sheltered in the Saviour's fold.

The Sweetest Story

The sweetest story ever told,
More precious far than gems or gold;
Is that which tells of Jesus's love,
Who came to earth from heaven above.

To dwell among the poor of earth,
In the midst of whom he had his birth;
He toiled like others for his bread,
And had no place to lay his head.

He met temptation's fiercest strife,
And bore the heaviest loads of life;
His eyes were dimmed with sorrow's tears,
A life of hardship filled his years.

He labored on with little rest,
Received the poorest, gave the best;
Treated an enemy like a friend,
His love through every act did blend.

He gave his strength to help the weak,
No man too sinful for him to seek;
He bound up bruised and broken hearts,
Brought cheer and sunshine to earth's mart's.

In Gethsemane's garden all alone,
For man's dark sin he did atone;
Upon the cross his life he gave,
For man of every race to save.

He took from death its awful sting,
Blest immortality did bring;
And resurrection and the life,
Man's star of hope in calm or strife.

Tell this sweet story here and there
At home abroad and everywhere;
Of Jesus and his saving love,
Till you pass through the gates above.

Then join the angel choirs there,
With harp and voice his love declare;
The sweetest story ever told
Floats down to earth from gates of gold.

The Dawn of Spring

The lilacs are in blossom,
The birds are singing clear;
The cherry trees are blooming white,
We know that spring is here.

The wild flowers too are opening,
The trees are clothed with leaves;
God with his mystic shuttle,
His marvelous fabric weaves.

The bees are humming gayly,
Around the clover sweet;
Where'er you chance to wander,
Beauty, the soul doth meet.

E'en the old vines are lovely,
That climb the steeple tall;
And creep along the grand old church,
And cling to the moldering wall.

The air is full of incense,
Rising from myriads of flowers;
You feel the touch of angel's wings,
As you worship in nature's bowers.

May beauty rise within our heart,
Like the glorious dawn of spring;
Our souls far lovelier will be,
If to the God of flowers we cling.

Spring's Messenger

A song floats through my window,
The note of a robin I hear;
"Cheer up, cheer up" he is singing,
A message that Spring draweth near.

He comes to tell me that Winter,
Will soon fold her wings and go;
In her place will come sunshine and flowers,
That Spring brings with her you know.

When his message of song was ended,
He flew away to a tree;
But left behind a sweet blessing,
A lesson for you and for me.

And all through the spring and summer,
His "cheer up" will sound sweetly and oft,
Help chase away many a worry,
Make life's yoke more easy and soft.

Just learn to do as the robin,
And sing your song of glad cheer;
That this world so oft cold and dreary
Knows Spring with her sunshine is near.

The Footfall of Spring

Spring's gentle footfall soon we'll hear,
We feel her sweet and gracious presence near;
Her laden arms of choicest blossoms sweet
Glad we will all be here her face to meet.

She hangs her teeming blossoms on the trees
That cast their fragrance on the balmy breeze;
She twines her green upon the crumbling wall
And tenderly clothes the trees both great and
small.

She brings her lovely choir of singing birds,
That chant the sweetest music ever heard;
With gentle touch she strikes her mystic harp,
That charms the ears of all from morn 'til dark.

Everywhere we see her matchless beauties,
Inspiring us to grand and noble duties;
Hope lies woven in her marvelous flowers,
Tender wishes blossom 'neath her bowers.

Gorgeous blessings in her sunlight shining,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining;
Fill with joy our every beating heart,
How loath we are from radiant Spring to part.

Her bursting buds win our heart's affection
Emblems of our own great resurrection;
Witnessing her risen life on every hand,
Lifts our thoughts to the bright and happy land.

The Temple of Spring

Silently doth the spring-time
Her beautiful hand work weave,
And clothes the trees on all the hills
With their myriads of leaves;
She adorns these rugged pillars
With a beauty all their own,
And covers them with lily-work,
And with mosses, every stone.

So without the sound of hammer,
Her temple pillars raise,
Beyond the dream of artists
The walls with glory blaze;
Her floors adorned with velvet rare,
Of an exquisite shade of green,
And draperies of every hue,
The finest ever seen.

Through her spacious corridors,
An unseen presence walks;
By voice of bird and hum of bee
In beautiful language talks.
And fills the soul with rapture
And lifts one's thoughts above,
To the wise and gracious Architect
Who planned it all with love.

March

O March, thou art so harsh and rough,
Striking the trees with thy hands,
Shaking nature's pillars Sampson like,
And binding them with icy bands.

Thou causeth bird and man to shiver,
And frighten the stripling trees;
Making each bush to tremble,
Snapping them across thy knees.

Growl on, O angry March,
Fiercely grind thy teeth;
Thou art not mad at mother Nature,
But doth crown her with thy crystal wreath.

Thou art kinder than we think;
Beneath thy mantle thou dost bring
Snow balls and lilacs beautiful;
Sweet fragrance and the joy of Spring.

Speed, thou chastening master,
On thy swift and snowy wing;
Thou dost bring blessings in disguise,
We thank thee with the birds that sing.

April's Easter Message

The bursting bud and flowery bloom,
That adorns old nature bright and fair;
Bespeak of Christ who burst the tomb,
Drove the monster death from out his lair.

With many voices April sings,
To make the heart leap and rejoice;
And in the message spring time brings,
I hear the resurrection voice.

The tulip lifts its burnished cup,
Filled with nature's nectar fine;
Out from its wond'rous depths I sup,
Life uplifting and sublime.

The eternal Lord invisible,
Hath raised from death each spear of grass;
Through sunlit vale and emerald dell,
I see the King of Glory pass.

Thou art not dead, Life is thy goal,
That throbs within the mortal clod;
April with her gorgeous blooming soul
Whispers, "Christ is risen," praise to God.

April's Gift to May

The April showers trickle down,
Upon the waiting earth;
A promise that May's lovely flowers
Will very soon have birth.

Their opening petals everywhere,
Our eyes so soon will meet;
No one but God can give to man
These treasures half so sweet.

Flowers for many hands to pluck,
To fill earth's hearts with cheer;
To breath from them their fragrance sweet
One feels that God is near.

Blossoms gathered for weary ones,
Heaven's smiles from out the sod;
Placed tenderly within their hands,
Bring peace and cheer from God.

The flowers that grow in wood and field
And bloom in vale and hill;
Can twine around man's weary heart
And with it their beauty fill.

Like music falling on the ear,
Is the patter of April showers;
That bring to rich and poor alike,
May's exquisite gift of flowers.

A Summer Eve

I am one day nearer the city of gold
Where we lay our burdens down;
And the face of my Saviour I'll behold
And receive from his hand a crown.

The sun hath set in the golden west,
The flowers have closed their leaves;
The birds have folded their wings to rest
In nature's bowers and trees.

A hush hath fallen o'er earthly things
Like the calm among the stars;
I feel hovering near, the angel's wings,
Not a sound the silence mars.

We need not be told that night is nigh,
We feel its calm and rest;
That the God of love doth reign on high
And knows what for all is best.

So may the close of life e'er be
Like the calm of a summer night;
When the soul like a bird shall upward flee,
At the dawn of the morning light.

Autumn Glory

I can see through my study window,
That autumn is drawing nigh;
A picture of glory greets me
That dazzles my heart and eye.

The canvas on which God has painted,
This picture where glory cleaves,
That startles my soul with its beauty,
Is one made of autumn leaves.

As if a million of broken rainbows
Had fallen down on the trees,
Shook from the sky by the angels
And scattered like dust o'er the leaves.

It's a picture of life at its autumn,
Where beauty may also abound;
For a hoary head is a crown of glory
When in the way of righteousness found.

"We all do fade as a leaf" says the prophet,
Yet it may be with true glory too,
By fulfilling nobly our mission,
And to the God of the forest be true.

Let us glorify God in our bodies,
Just like the leaves do the trees;
Be fruitful for Him at life's autumn
When we fall away like the leaves.

Work Well Done

The leaves have begun to fall,
That heed Autumn's early call;
Their mission is now complete,
And they rest at Nature's feet.

They clothe till comes the fall,
The trees both great and small;
These myriads of leaves,
Till Nature gleans her sheaves.

How matchless are these leaves,
That God with beauty weaves;
With tints from the rainbow bright
And bathes them with his light.

Faithfully have they served,
And never from duty swerved;
Till their work on earth is done
And their crown of glory won.

To our tasks may we be true,
And faithfully each duty do;
Till God-like beauty cleaves
To our souls like Autumn leaves.

Then when sets life's evening sun,
Our work will too be done;
Like these myriads of Autumn leaves
When angels glean their sheaves.

The Message of the Snow

Angels shake their silken robes on high,
The crystal flakes begin to fly
Upon earth's floor below;
Carpeting it with snow.

Unnumbered are these flakes that fly,
God's own sweet thoughts from high;
So are his mercies like flakes of snow
To his children here below.

The snow, like angel's robes so white
Is scattered down as heaven's own light;
Upon men's souls here below,
Making them white as snow.

Through Christ's own blood as shed below,
For unnumbered mortals like the flakes of snow
Shook out from angel's robes on high,
Will whiten like these flakes that fly.

His power will keep us white as snow
In our pilgrim journey here below;
Till our spirit back to God will fly
To angels and our home on high.

A New Leaf

The Old Year is slowly dying,
With its record made and then,
There's no use at all of crying
Over what we might have been.

What we've written we have written
On the tablet of the year;
For the bad be sorely stricken,
For the good have not a fear.

Shedding tears o'er past mistakes,
With no effort to improve;
Will be as lasting as snowflakes,
No stain from off our hearts remove.

We say "Let's turn another leaf"
As the New Year we begin;
Unless we change we'll come to grief
And commit again the same old sin.

Begin the year with a cleaner heart,
And prayerfully walk its unknown ways;
From the Saviour do not part,
And you'll merit His unstinted praise.

Whosoever Will *

The greatest blessings God doth send,
Are free to one and free to all;
No money for them need we spend,
Whosoever will, is nature's call.

The sweetest music for man or child,
Is wafted from the birds that sing;
The loveliest flowers groweth wild,
Their fragrance scattering on the wing.

No artist's brush can ever paint,
The scenes that nature doth supply;
Their beauty's ready for the saint,
Or sinner if he hath an eye.

To bask in sunshine, breath pure air,
Brings comfort, happiness and health;
Sweet slumber from them, all may share,
Without a bit of gold or wealth.

These gifts that make us pure and strong,
From Love old time can never break;
These blessings rich and sweet belong
To whomsoever will, that take.

*Rev. 22:17.

God's Love*

Of all the words that can be found,
In the Bible leaves between ;
Are sweeter none to sinful men
Than John three sixteen.

They tell us God so loved the world,
That his only Son he gave ;
That whosoe'er in him believes,
He would most freely save.

How gracious are these words to man
With sins so dark and rife ;
If he accepts God's own dear Son,
He'll have eternal life.

That "whosoever" includeth you
And me with all our sins ;
Love's door of mercy stands ajar,
Arise, and enter in.

The banner over us is love,
Not for you or me alone ;
But men of every race and clan
Christ's own shed blood atones.

O, spread the message of God's love,
At home and everywhere;
Till not a place on earth there'll be,
But will have the Saviour there.

***John 3:16.**

The Man of Sorrows*

A Man of Sorrows, Christ, was he,
Who was bruised for our iniquity;
His heart was deeply grieved you see,
For you and me, yes, sinful me.

We esteemed him smitten of his God,
And sorely stricken with the rod;
Who from sorrow's burden would not flee,
But bore it all for you and me.

'Twas our transgressions wounded Him,
And he was bruised for our sins;
His chastisement and stripes you see,
Brought peace to you, yes, you and me.

"All we like sheep, have gone astray,"
And follow on our selfish way;
Our iniquity on Him was laid,
For you and me, sin's debt was paid.

He would not from oppression flee,
Would willingly afflicted be;
And not a murmuring word said he,
He closed his lips for you and me.

He with the wicked made his grave,
Himself he could, but would not save;
It pleased the Lord, He'd bruised be,
His soul was offered for you and me.

He bore this heavy weight of grief,
That you and I might find relief;
So pledge today and all tomorrows,
Your love for Christ, the Man of Sorrows.

*Isaiah 53.

The Primrose Way*

The path on which the Christian walks,
To the world seems hard and steep;
O'ershadowed with a pall of gloom,
Naught but prickly thorns to reap.

It's a path of sweet obedience,
Of trust in God's dear Son;
An expanding, ever-growing life,
Where the deepest joy is won.

It's a path that shineth more and more,
With silvery rays of light;
Where hope will gladden the saddest day,
Gild with stars the darkest night.

By faith the Christian on this way,
Hears music clear and sweet,
And hovering 'round are angel bands,
To guard and guide his feet.

The butterfly may forget the day,
When from the chrysalis it flew,
It never fades from the Christian's mind,
His emergence into sunshine blue.

The simple word, the humble task,
The common air, the earth, the skies,
To the consecrated child of God
Are openings to paradise.

The outward man is perishing,
The inner renewed day by day;
But the soul is drawing nearer God,
If we walk the primrose way.

*Prov. 4:18.

The World's Uplifter*

This world that's sunk in sin and shame,
Needs a lever mighty strong;
To lift it out from darkened depths,
Turn sorrow into song.

Will false religions lift the world,
That's sunk in sin and shame?
Through many centuries they failed,
Because man-made they're lame.

Philosophy has boasted long,
Of victories for man;
Yet the world that's sunk in sin and shame
Has lifted not nor can.

Men call science a lever strong,
To lift this world but then,
It deals with atoms and with stars,
Not quivering hearts of men.

Bring on your culture others say,
Refine away earth's sin;
But polished manners cannot cleanse,
A heart unclean within.

Beneath this world of sin and shame,
Let this great lever be;
“If I be lifted from the earth,
Will draw all men unto me.”

*John 12 :32.

“To Live is Christ”*

Who obeyed the Master's loving call;
“For me to live is Christ,” said Paul
And counted everything as loss
To bring the sinful to the cross.

After many years in hardship's thrall,
These words were spoken by the Apostle Paul;
Suffering hunger, thirst and cold,
In perils of heathen and robbers bold.

When troubles rise like mountains tall,
He lives as Christ, the Apostle Paul;
With bleeding back in prison flung,
To God the sweetest praises sung.

When on his heart, the burdens fall,
Still lives as Christ, the noble Paul;
Though stoned, and shipwrecked in the sea
A night and day on the deep was he.

The aim for Christians one and all,
Is to live as Christ and his servant Paul;
Thus make all men speak well of Him,
Who came on earth to save from sin.

“For me to live is Christ,” Paul said,
Until to God his spirit fled;
And if we follow in his train,
“To live is Christ, to die is gain.”

*Phil. 2:21.

The Pilot of Galilee*

I'm not afraid to sail life's sea,
 However weak or frail I be;
If on the helm there rests the hand,
 Of Him who sailed on Galilee.

Known in the fiercest storms to sail,
 When the boat was rocked by a boisterous gale;
With one command He hushed the sea,
 In storm or calm He will not fail.

What though my heart is like the sea,
 When swept by the winds of Galilee;
He who spake the "peace be still,"
 Will calm my restless soul for me.

Not a fear have I to cross life's sea,
 For Christ's on board the ship with me;
'Twill safely cross the bar at last,
 My trust's in the Pilot of Galilee.

When I have crossed life's billowy sea,
 Weep not for Christ's in the bark with me,
Beyond the reach of every gale,
 On shore with the Pilot of Galilee.

*Mark. 4:39.

“We Would See Jesus”

“We would see Jesus”
Our hearts are full of sin,
His blood can cleanse within,
He can surely save us.

“We would see Jesus”
Burdens our hearts do press,
The world’s best men confess
He can truly help us.

“We would see Jesus”
Our eyes are dimmed with tears,
Sorrow hath tracked our years,
He always will relieve us.

“We would see Jesus”
Our hearts are full of fear,
We’ll lose our friends so dear,
He will not forsake us.

“We would see Jesus”
In sermons that we hear,
The songs that reach our ear,
Then they will help us.

“We would see Jesus”
In all life’s journey here,
In Heaven not far but near,
We will see Jesus.

God Seeth the Heart*

We see the outward acts of men,
Out in the busy mart;
God sees the motive that's within,
He looks upon the heart.

We judge our fellows by what they do,
How soon our love departs;
God tests a man by what he is,
He looks upon the heart.

We think men great because of dress,
Of fame or gold or art;
God calls men great who live to serve,
He looks upon the heart.

The shell we see, but God the pearl,
Which stands to him apart;
We judge the scattering deeds of men,
But God will judge the heart.

To study to be approved of God,
Should be our anxious part;
And not what men may think or say,
'Tis God who sees the heart.

The destiny that will fix our past
Is not what we have but art;
To be with Christ in heaven at last
Depends upon our heart.

*ISam. 16:7.

The Beautiful Gate*

At the temple gate called Beautiful
A loving deed was done,
Without either gold or silver,
An immortal soul was won.

Every gate is called Beautiful
That opens the place of prayer;
Where heart holds fellowship with heart,
And meets the Saviour there.

That gate may be called Beautiful,
Though built of common wood;
Where a human soul is started
On the path that's pure and good.

You can have your gate called Beautiful
By extending helping hands;
To a sin-bound, crippled traveler,
And loosen his fettered bands.

God calls every gate Beautiful
Be it gold or be it pine;
Where a soul doth pass from death in sin
To the Christian life sublime.

Heaven's pearly gates called Beautiful
Stand ajar for one and all
Who spend their life in Christ-like deeds,
And hear the needy's call.

**Acts 3 :2.*

A Buried Treasure*

Thy word within my heart is hid,
More precious far than gold;
Prevents my wanderings into sin
And from the Saviour's fold.

The sheet anchor of my hope,
These words from God's own book;
Which I have hidden in my heart
As toward life's goal I look.

Thy word that's hidden in my heart,
Is an anchor sure in storm;
A mirror that reflects to me
The lovely Saviour's form.

The One who sailed on Galilee,
And mastered wind and wave;
He spoke the words of "Peace be still;"
And the disciples He did save.

While severely tempted, fear ye not,
If in your heart is found;
The living, throbbing words of life,
To truth you will be bound.

*Psalms 119:11.

Unto the Hills*

Lift thine eyes unto the hills,
There find cure for all your ills;
“My help cometh from the Lord”
Peace my spirit fills.

Lift thine eyes unto the hills,
When the heart to wander wills;
“He’ll not suffer thy foot to be moved”
Strength my spirit fills.

Lift thine eyes unto the hills,
When worry every fibre grills;
“I will keep him in perfect peace”
Calmness my spirit fills.

Lift thine eyes unto the hills,
When sorrow thy being chills;
“Let not your heart be troubled”
Comfort thy spirit fills.

Lift thine eyes unto the hills,
When joy thy soul harp thrills;
“He that keepeth the law happy is he”
God my spirit fills.

*Psalms 121 :1.

Tomorrow*

I do not ask to know tomorrow,
Nor what's in store of joy or sorrow;
I have no cause for worry then,
Since He, my Father knows.

I do not need to see tomorrow,
Nor any anxious thoughts to borrow;
Its dawn I calmly wait with peace,
Since He, my Father sees.

Naught fill my heart but love, tomorrow,
E'en though the tears my brow do furrow;
Come weal or woe, come joy or pain,
Since He, my Father, loves.

No need of anxious care tomorrow,
For He who notes the falling sparrow;
Clothes the lilies of the field,
'Tis He, my Father, cares.

He knows, He sees, He loves, He cares,
My blessed heavenly Father cares;
He knows my heart, He sees my need,
My heavenly Father knows and heeds.

*Matt. 6:26, 27.

Guardian Angels

The angels hover 'round the path
Of those in the secret place;
Who abide beneath the wings of God,
And walk the Christian race.

Yes angels are in charge of thee,
To keep in all thy ways;
To bear thee up within their arms,
And guard thee all thy days.

Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone
And other dangers meet;
They'll shelter thee beneath their wings,
And guide thine erring feet.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion bold,
And slay the adder, too;
The dragon stamp beneath thy feet,
For God's angels guardeth you.

Sweet and blessed guardian angels,
Hovering 'round my Christian way;
I'll trust the shelter of thy wings,
Till dawns the eternal day.

*Psalms 91.

Christ on the Shore*

What though the storms and winds do rage,
If on the shore Christ's near?
Let thunder roar and lightning flash,
His presence casts out fear.

Not a sparrow falls but his Father knows,
He surely cares for thee;
Let the tempest rage and billows roll,
If his blessed face you see.

He's the silver lining to every cloud,
The anchor in every storm;
What though the billows rock the sea,
If on the shore you see his form?

He stands upon the shore of life,
He sees you toil and row;
He lifts the hand and stills the sea,
He calms the winds that blow.

He's now beyond the gates of gold,
Stands on the shore on high;
Be faithful as you toil and row,
Then you can to his bosom fly.

*John 21:4.

My Father Knows*

Since He my Heavenly Father knows,
The path o'er which my journey goes;
I walk with firm and steady tread,
With Him I have no foes to dread.

The fact my Heavenly Father knows,
The secret tactics of my foes;
He'll help me conquer in the fight
And guide me safely into light.

The fact my Heavenly Father knows,
My heart when pressed with pain and woes;
Can help me when all helpers fail,
By trusting Him I shall prevail.

And He who knows will never sleep,
A vigil o'er my soul will keep;
He'll guard me with his wings of love,
Till homed at last in heaven above.

*Psalms 103:14.

Tomorrow Too Late*

Tomorrow may be too late,
For the song that you should sing
Into some lonely heart,
That will peace and comfort bring.

Yes, tomorrow may be too late,
For the kindly word to be said
To that discouraged one,
Shut in, on an invalid's bed.

Too late, too late, my friend,
To carry that rose so sweet,
That will wither before tomorrow,
And its petals fall at thy feet.

Too late may be tomorrow,
To clasp with a friendly hand,
The youth that sin hath bound,
With its strong and fettered band.

Don't wait until tomorrow,
To twine for mother's head
Love's sweet affection wreath,
Now, let the words be said.

Tomorrow may be too late,
To bestow your soul's deep love
Not on the things of earth,
But on the Christ above.

Now is the accepted time,
To sing your sweetest song,
And scatter your loveliest flowers,
Each day as you go along.

Fill each hour with golden deeds,
Lovely and kind and true,
And then the sad words, "Too late,"
Will never be heard by you.

*Jas. 4:14.

Lights and Shadows*

We can't always walk in the sunlight,
In this world of care and tears;
We must all expect some shadows,
As we glide along the years.

We can't always have fair weather,
Clouds dark and threatening form;
But arched by the matchless rainbow,
They pass with each dying storm.

So God wraps his arms around us,
And whispers of his love;
His presence hovers o'er us,
Like the snowy wings of a dove.

We must pass through the shadowy valley,
Where dark fears our hopes destroy;
But He who cares for sparrows,
Turns our sorrow into joy.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth
Bearing the precious seed;
Will doubtless come again rejoicing,"
Bringing the sheaves of word and deed.

We shall know what means life's shadows,
When the mists have rolled away;
When God's eternal sunshine
Sifts the sorrows of a day.

*Psalms 126:6.

Midnight Music*

Not alone when sunlight splendid,
 Bathes my soul with radiant light;
But when cheerful daylight's ended,
 God's song is with me in the night.

In the night when gloom seems heavy,
 When many burdens press my heart;
Then it is God's song is ready
 To my soul his joy impart.

When at midnight I'm in sadness,
 Tears flow faster than at day;
Yet his song thrills me with gladness
 Sorrow folds its tent and steals away.

Worries, like clouds, pile up at midnight,
 Overwhelm my heart with fear;
God's song silvers them with sunlight,
 And I feel the Saviour near.

When I pass through death's dark valley,
 Its gloom and shadows o'er me roll;
My faith and hope will surely rally,
 If God's sweet music fills my soul.

The new song I shall sing in glory,
In the land of endless day;
The song that tells redemption's story
And drives all midnight gloom away.

*Psalms 42:8.

Refuge*

O, Rock of Ages, high above
The storms that trouble me;
My soul no other refuge finds,
In faith, I fly to Thee.

Like a bird, wearied with the winds
That swept it right and left;
O'erwhelmed, I fly to Thee great Rock
And take shelter 'neath the cleft.

My hope Thou Rock of Ages art
When sorrow fills my soul;
Or when temptation's angry waves
Like billows o'er me roll.

When death's dark shadows on me fall,
My soul's swift pinions rise
To that blessed Rock of Ages,
Man's refuge in the skies.

And when the storms of life are o'er,
In that fair haven sweet,
Beyond the reach of wind and wave,
I will, my Pilot, meet.

And thank Him for his guiding hand,
That helped me cross the bar;
And for the Rock that hideth me
Within the Gates Ajar.

*Psalms 61:2.

Ready for the Bridegroom*

“Behold the bridegroom cometh”
Will fall on your ears some day,
Will your lamps be trimmed and burning
When the Master comes your way?

“Behold the bridegroom cometh”
Morning, noon, or night may be,
And whether you’re wise or foolish
Depends on the oil, you see.

The oil is the Holy Spirit,
Poured out so full and free;
If your lamp is trimmed and burning
The Spirit abides in thee.

The bridegroom may tarry his coming,
’Tis foolish to slumber and sleep,
In such an hour as ye think not
To a closed door you’ll creep.

Hark! ’tis the bridegroom speaking,
“I know you not” says he;
Far wiser to watch and be ready,
That the door may swing wide for thee.

*Matt. 25:10.

Satisfaction*

“I shall be satisfied.”
Not with a beautiful home,
Or broad acres to roam;
Not with abundance untold,
Both of silver and gold;
Not with rubies and pearls,
Or diamonds and beryls;
Not with hosts of dear friends,
Or a crown of pure gems;
Not with gaining the world,
With fame’s banner unfurled;
Not when all these I take,
But in Christ’s likeness awake;
“I shall be satisfied.”

*Ps. 15.17.

My Friend

We say good bye; thou art not gone,
True friends can never part;
Our prayer is one, our faith is one,
And we are one in heart.
No rails of steel can e'er divide
Two hearts which friendship seals;
But as the days melt into years
Their mutual love reveals.

I take a look in memory's glass,
His pleasant face I see;
His kindly voice and loving words
Are whispering still to me.
The stars that greet his waiting eye
Are looking down on mine;
The moonlight beams that flood his path
Around my footsteps shine.

Beneath God's same great dome we dwell,
By his loving hand we're fed;
We're walking in one narrow way
By His kindly light we're led.
To one great, welcome throne of grace
By faith and trust we come;
And find new strength in praying thus
To walk towards heaven our home.

Our hopes, our happiness and life
In one blessed Saviour meet;
No power on earth or heaven can break
A friendship half so sweet.
Thrice happy, he whose quest has found
So true, so kind a friend;
Such love shall grow through life's decay
When the walk on earth shall end.

And meeting at the Gates Ajar,
The friend we loved on earth,
A fellowship surpassing all
Will then and there find birth.
To dwell forever with the Christ
In the home so sweet and fair;
Heaven will be more sweeter far
Because my friend is there.

The Silver Chord*

Sometime the silver chord will break,
That binds my soul to earthly clay;
Yet, if with Christ life's journey make,
I'll enter Heaven's pearly way.

That silver chord is sure to break,
Just how or when I cannot tell;
Yet, if in Heaven, my soul awake,
Come soon or late, it will be well.

Then to your heart the Saviour take,
Keep close within his sheltered fold;
Then when the silver chord doth break,
Your feet will press the streets of gold.

Then I shall meet my Saviour there,
And look upon his face so fair;
To join the heavenly chorus sweet,
And cast my trophies at his feet.

*Eccl. 12:6.

Sweet Fellowship

Put any burden upon me,
Only sustain me Lord;
Wrap Thine arms of love about me,
Then no path will be too hard.

Send me anywhere, Master,
Only go with me too;
If the road is rough, no matter,
If only I can be with you.

Sever any tie but this tie,
That binds to Thy service and heart;
Let my days like swift winged birds fly,
If Thee and me need not part.

May we two be friends forever,
On 'til life's golden eve;
Then go to the heavenly home together,
Where neither will have to leave.

The Bond of Friendship

In this rushing world of push and toil,
When men only of business think;
Its like a breath from the jasper sea,
When your heart with a friend you link.

It lifts life's burdens from out your heart,
When your love with a friend you blend;
It fans from your brow the heat of strife,
Gives joy that will never end.

It pervades your life with an atmosphere,
In which virtue's flowers bloom;
It lines your clouds with silvery light,
And casts from your soul all gloom.

It helps to shake off the sins that cling,
As swans, water, from their wings of snow;
It cheers you on as with heaven's chimes
That sounds through this world below.

Ambition's ladder is made more clear,
And you climb its rounds of gold;
When you feel your feet a-slipping back,
It's the hands of your friend that hold.

No clouds hover o'er your life so dark,
But by a beautiful rainbow's spanned;
If you know there beats the friendly heart
And feel the touch of his hand.

A new man within you is then evolved,
Whom through Christ no power can rend;
And this bond is made the stronger too
By this union with your friend.

Companionship

My Master Christ is ever near,
See's each falling tear;
Looks upon me from above
With a heart brim full of love.

Calls me when I go astray,
Removes my worries every day;
Guards me from temptation's dart,
Gives me purity of heart.

Renews my strength when I am weak,
Keeps me humble, kind and meek,
Cheers me when the day is drear,
Makes his providence more clear.

Lifts from off my heart the load,
That makes so hard the smoothest road;
Warns me when I'm going wrong,
Turns my sorrow into song.

Guides my erring feet aright,
Gives me courage in the fight;
Never leaves me once alone,
For every sin he doth atone.

A blest companionship I find
With this Friend true and kind;
Sweeter than all else beside,
Till I reach life's eventide.

When my spirit takes its flight
To the land of endless light;
I shall see then, face to face,
My great Companion in life's race.

A Friendless Man

In man's heart without a country,
Despair and misery blend;
Yet he has still as hard a lot
Who calls no man his friend.

Let a man possess his millions,
With houses and lots to lend;
He is poorer than the poorest man
Who calls no man his friend.

The common man with scanty fare,
Having hearts with his to blend;
Can't envy the lonely man with gold,
Who fellowships no friend.

If you're to possess far more than he,
Who upon his gold depends;
You must to others friendly be,
And you'll not lack for friends.

However many friends you have,
Of one kind or another,
You're poor if He is not your Friend,
Who sticketh closer than a brother.

Two Companions

There are two who walk together,
O'er life's steep and rugged way;
The Christian and his Saviour,
Through darkness and by day.

No matter how hard the burdens
That press the Christian's heart,
The unseen Form beside him
Will bear the largest part.

Many may be the heartaches
Of the Christian pilgrim here;
But the gentle hand beside him
Will dry each falling tear.

No Christian need be lonely,
Howe'er dark the night or day;
The blessed One beside him
Will be with him now, always.

When the Christian's sun is sinking,
Beyond the golden west;
The One who stands beside him
Will give him peace and rest.

These two go home together,
One to sit upon the throne;
The other to stand beside Him
In the saints' eternal home.

The Hour of Prayer

Of all the hours that come to me,
None are so sweet and fair;
To buoy me up and give me strength,
As the one sweet hour of prayer.

The many paths my feet have trod
In my goings here and there;
My heart has found a spring of joy,
In the holy place of prayer.

We know not when the storms arise,
When lightning fills the air;
Yet anchored like a ship at sea,
By the blessed hour of prayer.

We're all aware that sin abounds,
With its red and blinding glare;
Yet walk with optimistic tread,
With faith in the hour of prayer.

You see the many wrongs of men,
Oppressed with pain and loss;
Their hopes lie anchored in the words,
Christ's prayer upon the cross.

And in the maddening maze of things,
When pressed by toil and care;
"To one fixed stake my spirit clings,"
That is the hour of prayer.

My Prayer

I do not pray that life may be
All sunshine sweet;
But when its trials shall come to me
I may not forget the mercy seat.

I pray not for an easy task to do
In Thy vineyard here;
But in all my work be true
And always feel Thee near.

I pray not the highest appointment to serve
But in the lowly place;
And never from Thy side to swerve
In life's ascending race.

I do not pray to know the morrow,
But walk by faith, not sight;
And never anxious trouble borrow,
Then life's burdens will be light.

I do not pray to understand the way I go,
But have Thy guiding hand,
Along my journey here below
On to the heavenly land.

I pray to end with joy, life's race,
Having lived for Thee;
Then I shall see Thee face to face
And be crowned with victory.

My Morning Prayer

Father, help me begin this morning,
With a perfect trust in Thee;
Thy lovely grace, my soul adorning,
My thoughts, those, of sweet charity.

Keep me through the day from sinning,
Hold Thou fast my trembling hand;
O'er each temptation ever winning
True and faithful let me stand.

Help me to be kind and loving,
Just as Jesus would have me be;
Keep a light for Him a-shining
To bless and cheer humanity.

When the shades of eve are falling,
And the sun doth fade from view;
May I have sweet peace in knowing,
Father, I have walked with you.

May my days be spent in serving,
In ever pleasing ways to Thee;
Till life's sun shall set at evening
To rise and shine in eternity.

I pray to be ready for that meeting
With the Christ who died for me;
And be worthy of the greeting
When his blessed face I see.

My Evening Prayer

Saviour, on my bended knee,
I would strive Thy face to see;
For Thy mercy Lord I plead,
Help me in this hour of need.

If unkind I've been in word or deed,
Forgive me, Lord, I humbly plead;
Fill my soul this close of day
With larger, sweeter, charity.

Evil oppressed, I fly to Thee,
Let every sin die out in me;
Help me feel Thy cleansing power,
O, make me clean this very hour.

If I've failed this day to do Thy will,
Have mercy, Lord, I love Thee still;
Reveal once more Thy lovely face,
Bestow upon me more of grace.

Strong, O Lord, my soul will be,
If now in prayer Thy face I see;
Stamp Thine image on my heart,
From Thy side, I would not part.

Through all the hours of lonely night,
Let me not of Thy face lose sight;
And though the day dawn dark or clear
I still, will feel Thy presence near.

Help me hide, O, blessed Lord,
Within my heart Thy precious word;
Then tomorrow will be spent for Thee,
And its hours will bring victory.

Jewels From the Highways*

Go out in the highways and hedges,
Go, said the Master of men;
Seek in each lone nook the wanderers
Who are nine out of every ten.

Those who are strangers to Jesus,
Untouched by his wonderful love;
Bound to sin and to pleasure,
With no thought of heaven above.

Sheep, wandering without a shepherd,
Far, far away from the fold;
The ninety and nine who are wanderers,
More precious to Christ than pure gold.

There are children, bright jewels from heaven,
Being tarnished by the forces of sin;
Go out in the highways, said Jesus,
And gather the little ones in.

There are hearts that are heavy with burdens,
Eyes that are brimming with tears;
Away from the heart of all comfort,
Sin shattered, wasting their years.

Go out in the streets of the city,
And gather the poor, halt, and blind;
The great feast of love is all ready,
And the Master's forgiving and kind.

Go gather these jewels for Jesus,
As sparkling gems of his crown;
Sad to meet Christ at last empty handed
When the highways with jewels abound.

"Well done" he will say to the gatherers
Of diamonds rough from the street;
When we lay them all polished and splendid,
As sparkling gems at his feet.

*Luke 14.23.

Winning Souls for Jesus

Winning souls for Jesus,
A work which Angels crave;
A work that's encircled with glory,
In the byways, seeking to save.

Winning souls for Jesus,
A work for the brave and true;
A work that Christ commanded,
Yet only done by few.

Go, then, win souls for Jesus,
Go work, while 'tis called today;
Fear not, but speak to the wanderer,
God's spirit has paved the way.

Winning, yes winning for Jesus,
The souls He died to set free;
You will hear him say in glory,
"Well done, thou hast won them for me."

Prov. 11:30.

Take the Lad With You

Said Judah to his brother Joseph:
"I ask this question of thee;
'How shall I go up to my father
And the lad not with me be?'"

A question that breathes with sorrow
And touches a father's heart,
And reveals the brother's reason
Why loath with the lad to part.

Go home and the lad not with me,
Applies to the earthly sphere;
What about your journey to heaven
Will the lad not go with you there?

Go to heaven and the lad not with thee?
The very thought should lead you to prayer;
For it will cause the Saviour sorrow
And break the home circle up there.

Is that lad in your home a Christian?
To Christ your answer must be;
As a follower of Jesus be faithful,
And you'll take the lad home with thee.

Gen. 44:34.

Where is Abel Thy Brother?

Oh, where is Abel thy brother?
The question is old, yet new;
It has to do with another,
Hence is asked of me and of you.

What can I do for Abel my brother?
Is a question that applies to you;
For it has to do with some other,
And makes every life ring true.

Is Abel thy brother in sorrow?
His burden is your burden too;
Don't put off your help 'til tomorrow,
Today is the time for you.

Is Abel thy brother a Christian?
A momentous question you see,
And one that should cause contrition
On the part of you and of me.

Go tell Abel thy brother of Jesus,
And you have done your part;
For him be prayerfully anxious,
And you'll help Christ win his heart.

Oh, where is Abel thy brother?
God asks this question of you;
You can't make it apply to another,
And to Christ be faithful and true.

Yes, I'll help Abel my brother,
I'll help him not once but thrice;
For remember in helping another,
You are doing it as unto Christ.

Gen. 4:9.

Jesus and the Children*

The children whom the Lord hath given thee,
As one of life's most sacred trusts;
Should be early led to Jesus' feet,
It is only right and true and just.

They are as clay in the potter's hands,
In the plastic years of life;
To mold them into the image of Christ,
Brings blessings golden and rife.

The children whom the Lord hath given thee,
Have been purchased by Jesus' blood;
Bring them to him in their tender years,
And you'll take the tide at its flood.

"Let the little ones come unto me,"
Are the words of the Master today;
If you will only listen and take heed
You'll start them in the narrow way.

How careless we are with the children
Whom Christ is seeking to win
Before any evil has touched them
Or they're held by the fetters of sin.

For the spiritual care of these children,
You must not on others depend;
But by prayer, entreaty and counsel,
Lead them to Jesus, the little ones friend.

Isiah 8:18.

The Waiting Saviour

Christ is waiting to be gracious
To a sinful race of men;
Yet in yielding to his spirit,
How very slow we all have been.

Christ is waiting for the lost one,
He who bears a load of sin;
But man rudely bars his heart's door,
And will not let the Saviour in.

While He waits we are the losers,
Wasting many a golden year;
Let us rise and go to Jesus,
While the Holy Spirit's near.

Yes the waiting Saviour meets us,
Forgives, and quiets all our fears;
Lifts from off our hearts the burden.
Praise and love Him through the years.

Isiah 30:18.

Suppose

Suppose that gold were offered you,
For each soul to Christ you'd win;
Would money be stronger than love divine
As a motive to win men from sin?

Suppose you'd see a blind man walk
Close to a precipice brink,
Swift to his side with a friendly hand
His arm in your own you'd link.

Yet all about are immortal souls,
Blind to a Saviour's love;
Who, because of no warning from you,
Are lost to heaven, the home above.

Suppose when the roll on high is called,
And I am there myself, may be,
Yet find not one that I've led to Christ
How much will heaven mean to me?

Heaven is what we make it, friends,
And winning souls, the surest way,
To hear from the Master His "well done"
When He crowns His saints some day.

Shining Like the Stars

As you see the vaulted heavens
With its galaxy of light,
Get a vision of the Christian
Shining for the Saviour bright.

One who lives with thoughts of others,
Seeking them for Christ to win,
Leading them to find the Saviour
And forsake the paths of sin.

Turning feet to ways of rightness
Shows the wisdom of the wise;
For in true and faithful service,
The future of God's Kingdom lies.

The promise given to us forever
In turning many souls to right;
Is, "Shining, shining like the stars
In the firmament so bright."

Dan. 12:3.

When I Make Up My Jewels

"They shall be mine when I make up my jewels,"
And as a father doth spare his son,
Will I spare the faithful that serve Me,
In the judgment day that's to come.

Gathering jewels for Jesus,
A work which all Christians should love;
A work that endures forever;
A work that's recorded above.

Will your child be one of those jewels,
That your efforts and prayers have won?
Then glory and blessing will follow
Your labors, for God's dear Son.

Get ready these jewels for Jesus,
The day of his coming draws nigh;
He'll help you in soul winning service,
Success crowneth all, who try.

The day when he makes up his jewels,
The souls which the faithful have won;
Will you have a part in that service
Having gathered for God's dear Son?

Mal. 3:17.

Empty Handed

Must we meet our blessed Saviour
With an empty hand at last?
Never gleaned behind the reapers
Till the harvest day is past?

Round about are fields all golden;
Should we be an idle one?
Sad to meet Christ empty handed,
With grain withering 'neath the sun.

Go and glean behind the reapers;
Do as did the noble Ruth;
Not afraid of humble service,
Bound to virtue, love and truth.

You can glean a sheaf more lasting
Than that which waves in fields of gold;
You can win some soul for Jesus,
Gather lambs within his fold.

Great the harvest, few the workers;
Empty hands? 'Tis sin and shame;
Better far to take the sickle,
Gather sheaves in Jesus name.

By and by He'll send the angels,
To gather jewels for his crown;
They will shine among his jewels,
Who, at his feet, some sheaf lay down.

God Everywhere

We can find God everywhere,
In His world so grand and bright;
His smile's seen in the morning,
And His love folds us at night.

We see Him in the rainbow,
And the cataract's thund'rous roar;
His hand-mark's on the ocean,
And the shells upon the shore.

In the snowflake's silvery crystal,
And in the dewdrop's sheen;
In the restless sea and azure sky,
His wond'rous majesty is seen.

He dwells among the roses,
In the lily's fragrance sweet;
In nature's many corridors,
Are the footprints of His feet.

His finger marks the butterfly,
And the fish's shining fin;
In the nightingale's lovely song,
Are the notes of heaven's sweet hymn.

He's in the lion's courage,
In the peace of the snowy dove;
His face is seen in childhood,
And in motherhood's holy love.

We see God in the human soul,
Trace the majesty of His plan;
We can find Him along the highway
In the heart of common man.

You can see His perfect image,
In Jesus Christ, His Son;
If you love Him while you're living
Then face to face when life is done.

Lowly Ministers

I plucked a little flower sweet;
It cast its fragrance at my feet,
And sent me on with hope and cheer,
And made me feel that God was near.

I heard a little songster sing;
It took my burden on its wing,
And lifted me above the sod,
To trust more fully in my God.

A sunbeam crept into my room,
And scattered every bit of gloom;
I felt the Son of Righteousness fling
Sweet, healing balm from off his wing.

A little kindness from a heart,
Caused sorrow from my own depart;
A hand clasp in the hour of need,
Was better far than gold, indeed.

A little faith, a little love,
Plucked flowers of peace from heaven above;
And notes from angel choirs that sing,
Pure joy into my heart did bring.

I can plant a flower in some life,
Sing my song and calm the strife;
And be a lowly minister here,
Like birds that sing and sunbeams clear.

Atoms

Only a drop of water,
Yet it fell on a thirsty flower,
And revived its drooping petals,
As a kiss from an April shower.

Only two small pennies
The widow lay on the plate that day,
Yet they went on their errand of mercy
As beams from the heavenly ray.

Only a little rosebud
Was placed by an invalid's bed,
It brought in a ray of sunshine
And the heart nearer God it led.

One little word was spoken,
That cost simply nothing to say,
It eased a heart that was heavy
And helped one along on his way.

One little note from a singer
Flew into a window drear,
It came like the song of angels
And filled a lone cottage with cheer.

God made the world with atoms,
The mountains with grains of sand,
The ocean with drops of water,
Frail mortals His glory land.

Climbing Heavenward

How those roses climb and cling
High up on that old stone wall;
Unmindful of their fragrance
They so freely give to all.

They're climbing upward to the sun,
Their source of strength and life;
Who paints their crimson petals,
Till with beauty they are rife.

They freely take the sunbeams,
And the baptism of the dew;
These blessings of the heavens
They dip from the sea of blue.

And in their climbing upward
Keep their petals free from dust;
And in the sun, the king of day,
They calmly put their trust.

They teach all men the lesson
To strive and upward climb;
Then God will clothe with beauty
And make their lives sublime.

Then they will be a blessing
To this earth that oft is drear;
And like these climbing roses
Help flood the world with cheer.

Little Violet

Sweet little violet,
Spring's gift of love;
Sent by the Father,
Who dwelleth above.

Dear little violet,
Small though thou be;
Thou hast a sweet blessing
So full and so free.

Fragrant little violet,
With heaven's pure breath
Pervading thy petals,
Till they close up in death.

Brief, little violet,
Though thy mission be;
I long in my heart,
To bless others like thee.

God's Voice in the Bush

The bush on fire with roses,
Have a message sweet from God;
In whom the soul reposes,
Who lifts a scepter or a hod.

With reverent feet you gather,
For this is holy ground;
Its God in the bush remember
Where lessons sweet abound.

He speaks of life and verdure,
And teaches how to grow;
If in Him your soul you nurture
In his garden here below.

The roses breath the sunshine,
God pours into their cup;
The showers that bathe the woodbine,
Their thirsty petals sup.

He lifts your thoughts to heaven,
Where neither moth corrupt nor rust
The soul beauty God has given,
When the petals turn to dust.

The Sage of the Forest

Grand is the tree of the forest,
Wearing the imprint of age;
Defying the storms and the tempest,
Nature's heroic sage.

Others have fallen around it,
Cut down by the sickle of time;
Known 'mongst the trees of the forest,
As children of the mildest clime.

Great is the sage of the forest,
A fine type of heroic men;
Masters of storm and of tempest,
With strength and vigor of ten.

With hearts like the oak of the forest,
From which ship-timber is found;
That will defy the storms of the ocean,
Though from nation to nation 'tis bound.

Give us men like this sage of the forest,
With moral sinews like steel;
Defying wrong in high places,
With hearts for others that feel.

For such men the times are calling,
Whom a battle for right will wage;
Help build the old ship of the nation,
Like the grand old forest sage.

The Ministry of a Star

On the deck of a ship at evening,
As she proudly sailed the sea,
Two souls were scanning and musing
The heavens, most thoughtfully.

Brilliant stars illumined the darkness,
Like jewels a kingly crown;
One star differed from the others in brightness,
And swept its golden rays down.

Meeting together as brothers
These stars in the terrestrial hall;
The one more brilliant than the others,
Seemed to be the king of them all.

Guiding them like a loving shepherd
Who tenderly watches his sheep;
Bringing joy to these two on shipboard,
Which lingered still, when they fell asleep.

To those prayerful two on shipboard,
'Twas like Bethlehem's beautiful star;
That brought joy and peace to the shepherds
And the wise men who came from afar.

Like Christ standing among his people,
Keeping tender watch o'er his own;
Who guides the stars and the vessel,
Never leaves his children alone.

O star, thy watch-care is loving,
O, guide our feet lest we roam;
'Til we step from the deck of the vessel
On shore with the loved ones at home.

The Stars

God calleth every star by name,
That clusters in the sea of flame;
That lighteth up the vales and hills,
And all the earth with glory fills.

He did not give to me my name,
But calls me by it just the same;
With peace He doth my heart e'er fill;
I'll try like stars to do his will.

Help fill this darkened world with light,
And shine for Him, like stars at night;
That gleam their glory from the sun,
From Christ, my power to bless, is won.

I'll try and turn men's hearts to Him,
Because His spirit dwells within;
Then my soul shall mount beyond earth's bars,
To shine in Heaven like the stars.

The Sea's Message to Me

The mighty waves of the rushing sea,
Have a message grand for me,
As they hurry towards the lea:
"The God of Heaven thy guide will be."

Flow on O rushing waves of the sea,
For thou dost sing this song to me,
"I am boundless and I'm free,
So is the love of God to thee."

So may my love flow full and free
Just like the waves upon the sea,
Out to the God who cares for me,
While to the heavenly shore I flee.

The Anchor

There are storms that lash the bark of life
More fierce than on the sea;
And threaten with their angry waves
That laugh with boisterous glee.

The waves of passion surge within,
The noblest, truest hearts;
Sin's lightning strikes with balls of fire
And pierces with its darts.

Gloom settles thickly o'er the sea,
Dark storm clouds wrap the ship;
So powers of darkness seek to crush
The noblest with their grip.

Just drop your anchor in the sea,
Its grip will hold you fast;
It reaches beyond the threatening storm
And withstands the hardest blast.

Seek not to sail life's billowy sea
Without hope's anchor true;
Trust not the calmness of the day
Or the sky because its blue.

For any moment storms arise
And swoop down on life's sea;
And rock the ship upon the waves
As it did on Galilee.

Then cast the anchor of your hope
Within the heavenly veil;
'Twill hold in every storm of life
And in death it will not fail.

• Evening on the Lake

Not a ripple stirs the glassy lake,
Not a breath the emerald leaves;
The birds have hushed their singing
In the branches of the trees.

God has hushed to stillness
The parts of nature's choir;
Her harp strings all are quiet
And the music of her lyre.

He can still the heart-throbs
Into a perfect calm;
Till the soul respondeth
In worship with a psalm.

Till the heart reflects God's image,
Like the lake the shining stars;
Till calm as nature's corridors
Where not a dischord mars.

May peace just like this evening
E'er pervade my fretful soul;
And allow no waves of worry
On this heart of mine to roll.

A New Day

I watch the ascending
Of a bright lovely day;
It comes forth with triumph
In clear, golden array.

Redder and redder
In the east grows the sky,
Its banner of flame
Waves in triumph on high.

The darkness recedes
Into the valley so low;
The sun breaks o'er the horizon
With great splendor and glow.

Each hill is encircled
With a glory of light;
All nature rejoices
At the departure of night.

The birds and the flowers
Greet the king of the day;
And he crowns them with glory
For their waiting, as pay.

The Setting Sun

The day is done.
Now sets the sun,
Which sinks to rest,
Having done his best.

When sets the sun
My work is done;
If 'tis my best,
Calm will be my rest.

The sun blest the flowers;
Spent the golden hours,
Scattering rays of light
'Til falls the shades of night

'Til falls the shades of night
Let shine my Christian light
Through the day's golden hours
And scatter love's sweet flowers.

The Faded Rose

Grandmother sat in her old arm chair;
Her face was wrinkled and sublimely fair;
Her hair was white as silvery snow,
And her eyes like stars at eve did glow.

In her wrinkled hands a book she grasps
And opens tenderly its silver clasps;
Between the leaves lies a faded rose.
Back through the years her memory goes.

The tears are falling from her eyes,
While the rose petals soon revive
Beautiful as when plucked that day,
By the hands of a little one gone away.

Think not that hers are hopeless tears;
For the rose gatherer she has no fears.
But the blossom has awakened memories sweet,
Of the dear ones gone she soon will meet.

From the old Bible with silver clasps,
Are promises sweet her soul still grasps;
Her rod and staff through all these years,
Brought peace to her heart and dried her tears.

Only a few more trials and tears;
For He who hath kept her all these years,
Since the rose was plucked by hands so fair,
Will gather her home with loved ones there.

Good Night

Still falls the shades of the sunset 'round us,
The soft-voiced thrush bade his mate good night;
Sweet fragrance floats from the flowers to us
As they fold their petals in the fading light.

Earth's many voices relapse in stillness,
Awed to silence by the dying light;
Her tired workers rest in gladness,
Shifting their burdens on the wings of night.

Looking to God with trust and reverence,
As the parting day fades away from sight;
Waft on the evening breeze repentance,
Then gladly each heart can say, "Good night."

So will dawn life's closing evening,
Happy to those who have lived for the right;
Whose souls to eternal life are cleaving,
Can hopefully and trustfully say, "Good night."

Faith

Clearer far
Than any mortal vision,
Or the very brightest of any star,
Is faith; giving substance to things not tangible
And seeing beyond things seen
To the Eternal and Invisible.

Hope

Hope reaches
Beyond this vale of tears and struggle; then
However hard his lot, it teaches
Man to be reconciled and his bark to flee
To the shadow of a great rock; let the breakers
 roar and dash,
That anchor holds him fast in life's sea.

Love

Mightier far
Than the strength of muscle, or the sway
Of gravitation over things that are
Is love, which centered in the heart of God,
And divinely working in man, will live on
When he sleeps beneath the sod.

• A Victorious Faith

Faith is the golden key
That unlocks the treasures of heaven,
And brings to the children of men,
Sweet blessings, as ever were given.

Faith lays hold of the promises of God
With a grasp unyielding and strong;
And in spite of sorrow and care,
It fills the heart with a song.

Faith sees the Invisible One
And hand in hand with Him,
Man triumphs over his foes,
Overcomes temptation and sin.

Faith lives in the presence of God,
Keeps man pure in a world full of sin;
Like lilies growing white from a soil
That is black but kept clean from within.

Faith scales every mount that impedes
Man in his march to the goal;
For the prize of the high calling of God
That awaits every conquering soul.

Graces Three

Give me the faith that ever clings,
To Christ, the blessed King of Kings;
His spirit dwelling in my heart
That ne'er complains but ever sings.

Give me the hope that reaches far,
E'en through the pearly gates ajar;
'Twill anchor me in every storm,
Till I have safely crossed the bar.

Let my love each day, stronger be,
For the Christ who first loved me;
To serve in high or lowly ways,
Till his kind and blessed face I see.

May I have these golden graces three,
Like heavenly sunbeams there to be,
Shining brightly within my heart;
Faith and hope and charity.

Then will other men be led to see,
The likeness of the Christ in me,
And not be satisfied 'til they
As jewels have these graces three.

Springtime in the Country

There's no place half so lovely,
Where birds so sweetly sing,
As springtime in the country
Where life and verdure cling.

The fields aflame with flowers,
Stone walls where mosses cling;
Her shady nooks and bowers,
'Neath which her choirs sing.

Lambs out upon the hillside,
Wandering where'er they will;
The bees a-roaming fields wide,
For nectar their hives to fill.

The farmer free but busy,
Scattering his fields with grain;
The wild flowers make you dizzy,
That grow in the old farm lane.

The bare-foot boy a-whistling,
Or singing loud and clear;
And all the hens a-cackling
The brook a-rippling near.

The fall of springtime showers
On the meadows bright and green,
Make fragrant the passing hours,
Where teeming life is seen.

Did you ever hear such music,
As that of bird and bee and boy?
We city folks get homesick,
In the spring to taste its joy.

I know folks like the city,
And the crowds upon the street;
But for the tired it has no pity,
Nor rest for the weary feet.

But in quiet nooks and corners,
Of the country in the spring,
There is calm for the weary workers,
And joy like the birds that sing.

If you want to hear God's footfall,
See his handiwork so fair;
Just hear the country voices call,
And spend the springtime there.

The Old Farm

Take me to the old farm,
Among the whispering trees,
Where there is joyous melody,
Which floats upon the breeze.

The quiet of the old farm,
Has power to lull to rest;
The yearning after its repose
Is throbbing in my breast.

The peaceful calm of the old farm,
Lifts my spirit high,
And pressed with busy city life,
It bades my cares to fly.

I love to think of the old farm,
Where the sweetest songsters sing;
Where cattle graze in the dewy fields
Midst the fragrant flowers of spring.

My spirit longs for the old farm,
Like the hart for the water brooks;
I'll faithfully ply my daily tasks,
Then away to its quiet nooks.

Each hill and vale of the old farm,
And the star-lit sky above,
Impresses my inner heart and life
That the Giver of all is love.

Summer Eve in the Country

A lovely calm pervades the air,
Dusk has softened the sun's bright glare;
Soft music as the cricket sings
With katy-dids and other things.

You hear now and then a sparrow's notes,
Other birds have closed their throats
And placed their heads beneath their wings,
To rest awhile like other things.

The horses turned out in the field,
To rest their weary bodies yield;
To eventide man's spirit clings,
Like birds and flowers and other things.

'Tis summer eve when falls the dew
Upon the grass and petals too;
God to my soul refreshment brings,
As to birds and flowers and other things.

No place where rest and silence cleave
Like the country in the summer eve;
That sweet and restful quiet brings
To men and birds and other things.

A Winter's Day

Tw'as a day in winter bleak and cold;
The wind was harsh and rough and bold;
The frost covered with silver the window panes,
And the drifts lay deep in the old farm lanes.

The sun seemed bereft of power to warm;
The ice formed thick in the wake of the storm;
The wind-swept-snows your eyes did blind,
And a colder day was hard to find.

In the old farm house was warmth and cheer,
Not one dreamed that the day was drear;
The fires burned cheerily in the stoves
And blessings flew into the heart in droves.

The corn was popped on a hearth near by;
A hammer making the walnut shucks fly;
Bins of apples in a cellar near,
Filled the heart full to the brim with cheer.

In each life some days are drear,
When one feels lonely, in need of cheer;
To the young and strong, the weak and old,
There's peace and comfort in God's inner fold.

Folded Petals

The flowers have closed their petals,
When fell the shades of night;
Refreshed with dew, that God hath sent
E'er dawns the morning light.

The meadow brook flows smoothly on,
A mirror for the stars;
Not a leaf upon a tree that stirs,
Not a jar, the stillness mars.

The little bird has homeward bound
To the oak where hangs its nest,
And folded its weary pinions
O'er its heart and is at rest.

The bees have ceased their humming,
About them all is still;
Their tired wings no longer fly
Back and forth their hives to fill.

The sheep out in the pasture
Lie quiet 'neath the trees;
The old farm team, unharnessed,
On their beds of straw at ease.

O restless heart be still, be still
Like these creatures of the sod;
Why worry? Fold thine arms and rest
And simply trust in God.

At Eventide

Sweet eventide has fallen,
And the heavens are filled with glow
Of the setting sun, that mirrors
Itself in the lake below.
At eventide.

Nothing disturbs the quiet,
But all prevading peace
Fills the air with calm
And brings the soul release.
Calm eventide.

The shepherd drives his sheep
Over the bridge of stone,
On the homeward path
With them and God alone.
At eventide.

In the distance the old church tower
Lends a civilizing touch;
And thrills the shepherd's soul.
To God he's thankful much,
At eventide.

The low red-thatched cottage
At the foot of the hill,
Is home so sweet and humble;
Happiiness the shepherd's soul doth fill
At eventide.

Sweet rest at eventide,
Now sunk the radiant sun,
We hail the hour of peace
With close of day and work all done.
Glad eventide.

Nature in silence bids the world repose;
The sheep safe sheltered in the fold,
So may the faithful shepherd
Enter the pearly gates and gold
At life's eventide.

• A Real Vacation

Vacation's come with all its cheer,
The time that tired folks hold dear;
Just let your cares and worries stay
Locked up somewhere, while you're away.

Go to the woods where it is cool,
And dip some joy from nature's pool;
Just listen to her sweetest song
And rest a bit and you'll get strong.

Imagine you're a child again,
And do just as you did, when
You went a-fishing on the lake
And took a lunch for your stomach's sake.

Jump in the lake and take a swim,
Whistle a bit and hum a hymn;
Beneath an old tree near the shore
Think of the friend that you adore.

Go where the stream leaps down the rock,
Forget there ever was a clock
To tell that you must go to work;
Vacation's here, its time to shirk.

Just hear the patter of the rain,
Let it wash away all labour's stain;
And breathe the fragrance of the flowers.
Improve these glad vacation hours.

Just eat and sleep and take a rest,
Be like the bird there in her nest
That's cared for by her faithful mate,
From early morn till it is late.

Watch the golden sunrise o'er the hills
Till every niche with light it fills;
See evening draw aside her mist,
Behold her jasper, rubies, amethyst.

Behold all this and you can trace
God's presence in that lovely place;
Let work and care together cease,
Let nature flood your soul with peace.

The Woods

I love the beauty of the woods;
The fragrance of the flowers;
To press my feet upon the moss
And rest 'neath nature's bowers.

I love to walk among the trees
And gather blossoms wild;
And berries red and blue and black,
As I did when a child.

I love to gather pebbles
That lie dripping on the shore;
Brilliant in all the tints and shades
Of the rainbow sprinkled o'er.

I love to hear God's choir sing
In the shady temple fair;
The harp of wind and note of bird,
That tuned melody, calls me there.

I love its beauty to twine my heart
Like the vines the leafy trees;
And have my worries fanned away
By the gentle, cooling breeze.

I love to bathe my soul in heaven,
And plunge 'neath the crystal stream;
Refreshed like famished bush and petal
When pearly dew-drops gleam.

I love to worship nature's God
In his wooded temple grand;
Where every petal, lichen, fern
Are the love taps of his hand.

I love the evening in the woods,
With her jeweled crown of stars;
When the angels hurry down to me
Upon those golden bars.

I love to leave the city streets,
With their crowd and heat and din;
And creep away to God's green woods
And hold sweet fellowship with Him.

Peace

Mightier far
That cannon, shot and shell, walls of adamant
And piled up obstacles that seem to bar,
Is Peace, that hovers like a dove
O'er nations, and in spite of war
Brings in the gentle reign of love.

Joy

Deeper far
Than idle pleasure, the enjoyment of riches,
The fleeting things of time and sense, that mar,
Is joy, a note from the angel's song;
That abides with me in spite of sorrow
When loved ones join the heavenly throng.

Truth

Truth lives
When Error thinks she's dead, moves
On to greater glory and gives
Her bitter foes new cause for fear;
Crushed like a rose more fragrant far,
Her reign's forever and not a year.

Humility

Like the little lowly violet
That's hid among the leaves,
Known only by its fragrance
That to every petal cleaves.

The fruit when it is ripest
And filled with juices sweet,
Blesses the wayside traveler
By falling near his feet.

The hills when bathed in loveliness
With matchless sunset gold,
Breathes to one of heaven
Where the half can ne'er be told.

'Tis the glory of the inner man
Renewed by grace divine,
That gleams upon the features
And makes the face to shine.

It is to hide behind the cross,
Self lost with Christ in God,
From such soil blooms humility
Like the violet from the sod.

• Contentment

The fern doth drive in the cooling dell,
The rose in the sun doth glow;
The water-lily drinks in the pool;
The brook ripples sweet and low.

The little violet in the grass,
Blesses each passer-by;
Fills its place in the universe,
For the glory of God on high.

The luxurious orchid in its place,
In the summer glory here,
Joins with the tiny daisy fair,
To fill the world with cheer.

The busy bee content to toil,
To fill the master's hive;
The little wren with plumage plain,
For no larger sphere they strive.

So the lowly birds and flowers sweet,
In the matchless landscape fair,
And in their climes they fly and bloom
Scattering brightness everywhere.

Let man be content in his humble sphere,
Be his task to carry a hod;
He can fill his days with honest toil
And thus glorify his God.

Content with things that can't be changed,
And change the things he can,
Will fill the heart with peace divine,
And make blessed the path of man.

Trust and Pray

Why be anxious about tomorrow
In the face of stern today?
You'll have strength for what it brings
If you only watch and pray.

Why afraid when clouds hang heavy,
With their dark and threatening pall?
Trust in God and look above you,
See, his hand is over all.

What though fall the chilly shower,
And the day be dark and drear?
Trust in God brings bursts of sunshine,
Fills the heart with peace and cheer.

Don't you see the flowers blooming?
Don't you hear the song birds sing?
Happiness and sweet contentment
Are the pearls that trust will bring.

Trust will line your clouds with silver,
Span them with the rainbow bright;
Lift all burdens from your shoulders,
Make your pathway blaze with light.

What though stony grief's your pillow,
An angels' ladder near you stands;
By simply trusting you can mount it
Knowing the Saviour holds your hands.

Don't waste time in useless worry,
A heart of courage have you must,
Bestowed upon you by the Father
If you rest in Him and trust.

Trust

No day will dawn so dark
But through the clouds some ray of light will steal,
Some consciousness of Heaven's nearness, that
We feel like singing with the lark.

No day its burdens bring
But we shall have strength to bear them one and all,
Not by self-trust, but on the Heavenly Father call
The soul mounts on eagle's wing.

No sorrow will come to thee
But the hand of Him will dry thy every tear,
Who leaves us not but standeth ever near,
Just trust Him faithfully.

No temptation will you meet
But some way of swift escape you'll surely find,
And to virtue and truth will strongly bind,
If you trust the mercy seat.

No dark valley will be past
But through its thickest gloom a light will shine,
If a simple trust in God is ever thine,
Thou shalt reach heaven at last.

The Old Family Bible

How dear to my heart is the old family Bible,
That tells us of Jesus the mighty to save;
The book of all comfort, the hope of the sinner,
The lamp of our feet from the cradle to grave.
And oft when I'm tempted to turn from my Saviour,
A hand holds me fast and I'm saved by his love;
The old family Bible, my mother's old Bible,
The soul cheering Bible that points to above.

How dear to my heart is the Christ of the Bible,
Which makes it attractive to humble and great;
With wisdom unerring, and love never failing,
Points man to the path that is narrow and straight.
In times of great sorrow when I feel sad and lonely,
The Spirit of peace hovers o'er like a dove;
The dear old Bible, my father's old Bible,
The promise filled Bible which all of us love.

How dear to my heart are the works of the Bible
That challenge the thought of the scholar and sage;
And twines its strong chord round the heart strings
of children,
And lifts up the fallen in every known age.
And oft when I'm friendless and almost discouraged
I turn to its pages with comfort and cheer;
The old family Bible, the thumb worn old Bible,
Which makes me feel conscious a Saviour is near.

We may be old and gray ourselves,
Yet there's a presence that seems to hover
Near us as we struggle on;
It's no one else but mother.

The golden chain that last will break,
If we perchance shall wander,
Away from right and truth and God,
Will be the prayers of mother.

And when we pass through Gates Ajar,
Through Christ the soul's great Lover
That home will be more charming far,
For the presence there of mother.

Your Wedding Day

Your wedding day is here,
'Tis beautiful and lovely June;
Pray that the God you love be near
And your hearts with him in tune.

Your wedding day, the soul's noontide;
The flowers breath sweet fragrance
Over this union God has tied
On this gala day of June.

You are no longer twain but one,
The holy words are said;
Your walk together begun,
In love's sweet bond you're wed.

O wing to Him your prayer,
For his blessing pure and sweet,
Like choicest pearls and rare
Are gathered at the mercy seat.

His presence happiness will bring,
Keep your love sweet and strong;
If together to Him you cling,
Gilds all heaven and earth with song.

O, may we restore to our children
The custom our fathers knew
Of sitting with mother and the children
Together in the old family pew.

There are fathers and mothers in heaven
And with them their children, too,
Who opened their hearts' door to Jesus
While together in the old family pew.

Easter Praise

Spring forth ye buds of nature, spring,
Let all the birds break forth and sing;
For Christ, the Lord, is risen today,
Sorrow lifts its wings and flies away.

Wave on, ye spotless lilies wave,
Christ burst the tomb, has power to save;
Let thy sweet fragrance fill the air,
And Easter cheer fly everywhere.

Sweet flower petals, open wide,
For Christ in the grave did not abide;
Let nature's choir chant his praise,
Let men with angels their voices raise.

Let earth her sweetest blossoms bring,
To wreath the Christ, her risen King;
While out from Heaven's gates of gold,
Floats Easter cheer for young and old.

Arise, ye sinful men, arise,
From thy dead selves mount to the skies;
Thy lives continued praise will bring,
To Christ, the lovely risen King.

Suppose Tonight

Suppose tonight you were to walk
 Into the office of your boss;
And say to him, "I'm going to quit"
 Would your going be a loss?

Suppose tonight you tell your church
 That you are about to leave;
Would collections be less, a voice be missed,
 Would the members for you grieve?

Suppose your neighbor you inform
 That you're going to move away;
Would he with tearful voice declare
 "I will miss you many a day?"

Suppose tonight you left the town
 Where you have lived for years;
Would good men miss you on the street
 And shed for you their tears?

Suppose you're called to leave the world
 When sets the evening sun;
Would your bier be covered with blossoms sweet
 In memory of what you have done?

Let us fill the circles where we move
 With loving deeds and grand;
That friends will be loth to say "Farewell"
 When we pass to the better land.

The Pessimist

The pessimist always sees the dark;
Never hears the singing lark;
He walks with sad and doleful tread;
Never sees the light ahead.

On every rose he finds some thorns;
He's ever looking for the storms,
His days are always cloudy then,
Ne'er what to him they should have been.

His world is going to the bad,
Far worse than when he was a lad.
Wrong sits upon the throne, says he,
And truth is sunk in infamy.

He thinks the most of men are cheats,
The world is full of real dead beats;
The good men ought to be far better,
And bad men all the good doth fether.

Throw an ounce of pessimism on the marts
You'll destroy a pound of human hearts;
While optimism in man or boy,
Helps fill men's hearts with hopeful joy.

The Golden Wedding

There was a day when we were young
My pretty wife and I;
For her I've many praises sung,
As time slipped by.

I would not have missed one hour
Of these golden years;
Her smile has been my sweetest flower
Love has calmed our fears.

Fifty golden years have sped
Since wedded, wife and I;
Our tears together we have shed,
And looked to God on high.

We've worked hard together,
I and my wife so true;
Nought our hearts could sever
As the years of gold flew.

Blest companionship along the way,
We have kept our tryst;
And happy on this golden wedding day,
In the love of Christ.

When the "Flood of years" cease to roll,
Wife and I are growing old—
We shall be joined soul to soul
Beyond the gates of gold.

Man and St. Paul's Cathedral

A man went to St. Paul's Cathedral,
A noble man was he;
Whose soul was in tune with the beautiful,
And with God in sympathy.

The beautiful service charmed him,
The mighty organ thrilled his soul,
The choir, like voices from heaven,
As waves celestial did roll.

A feeling of awe crept o'er him,
It was all so majestic and grand,
As if entering the eternal city
Before gates of gold to stand.

The lights formed a ladder golden
Let down as by an angel's hand,
And bathed with the glory of heaven,
On which the foot of man could stand.

And mount towards God his Maker,
'Til lost in the radiant light,
Of Christ who illumines the City,
To which thoughts took their flight.

Man seemed small in this great Cathedral
In the presence of the God above;
Yet this message it seemed to whisper
“Not too small for the Father’s love.”

To God, greater than that mighty Cathedral,
Was the man who worshipped there;
Whose heart was in tune with His choir,
Loving Christ, the beautiful, the fair.

Mother's Day

There are days historic, known to men,
Of one kind and another;
But none so close to the human heart
As this one kept for mother.

A day that's honored by us all,
By father, sister, brother;
On which is brought the sweetest flowers,
To twine a wreath for mother.

No rose so lovely as her smile,
No music like her voice;
The memory of her kindly deeds,
Makes her children's hearts rejoice.

Our guide through childhood's tender years,
No wonder that we love her
And pluck the sweetest, whitest rose
In memory of mother.

She toiled from morn till late at night,
Bearing the burdens of another;
And never can we think of home,
But we see the face of mother.

Who bore all burdens patiently,
And trusted One above her
And taught the children how to pray?
Our memory says, "'Twas mother."

We may be old and gray ourselves,
Yet there's a presence that seems to hover
Near us as we struggle on;
It's no one else but mother.

The golden chain that last will break,
If we perchance shall wander,
Away from right and truth and God,
Will be the prayers of mother.

And when we pass through Gates Ajar,
Through Christ the soul's great Lover
That home will be more charming far,
For the presence there of mother.

Your Wedding Day

Your wedding day is here,
'Tis beautiful and lovely June;
Pray that the God you love be near
And your hearts with him in tune.

Your wedding day, the soul's noontide;
The flowers breath sweet fragrance
Over this union God has tied
On this gala day of June.

You are no longer twain but one,
The holy words are said;
Your walk together begun,
In love's sweet bond you're wed.

O wing to Him your prayer,
For his blessing pure and sweet,
Like choicest pearls and rare
Are gathered at the mercy seat.

His presence happiness will bring,
Keep your love sweet and strong;
If together to Him you cling,
Gilds all heaven and earth with song.

Angels from their snowy wings,
Sift down heaven's golden ray;
Her sweetest choir sings
On this your wedding day.

The dear ones wish you well,
Home memories twine your heart;
Love's message sweet they tell
As towards Gates Ajar you start.

May you feel the Invisible near
Through life's winding way;
Then each succeeding year
Will be like your wedding day.

Memories of Christmas

What do you suppose I'm thinking of, dear,
On this quiet Sabbath day?
That grand old Christmas draweth near,
Just one, yes, one day away.

How many memories it awakens, dear,
On this calm day of rest!
They are all joyful, none are drear,
The sweetest, purest and best.

I feel that again, I'm a child, dear,
As I was long years ago;
With my stocking hanging in the corner near,
Brim full from top to toe.

It reminds me of home, sweet home, dear,
As it was in my childhood days
When my brothers and sisters too, were near,
And we sang the glad Christmas lays.

One can't forget such a Christmas, dear,
We were up at the peep of day;
Those times were filled with love and cheer,
Those memories just cling and stay.

What Christmas can equal those, dear,
When you and I were young?
When the angel choir drew so near,
That we heard the songs they sung.

Peace on earth, good will to men, dear,
Was the song those angels sung;
Let us fill the children's hearts with cheer,
As others did when we were young.

Then when they are old and gray, dear,
The memories that sure will last
To fill their weary hearts with cheer,
Will be the Christmas days of the past.

No Night There

No night is there—
Here clouds obscure the sun,
Oft when the day has just begun.
No clouds are there.

No night is there—
Here many shadows fall,
Gloom comes to one and all
No shadows there.

No night is there—
Dreary hours filled with tears,
And heart aches fill our years
No sorrow there.

No night is there—
No good-byes ever spoken,
Loved circles never broken
No separation there.

No night is there—
But Christ the true and fair,
Gives sunshine everywhere
No gloom is there.

The Land of the Living

Earth is the land of the dying,
In heaven we live not die;
This is the land of the crying,
In heaven no cause to cry.

Earth is the land of the sighing,
In heaven we never sigh;
Here there are heart aches and weeping,
No sorrow or tears on high.

Earth is the place of the testing,
In heaven is peace and rest;
Here we have struggles most trying,
But calm and serene the blest.

This is the land of sinning,
In heaven there is no sin;
On earth how oft the tempting,
There, no tempter can enter in.

Earth is called the land of the living,
To heaven that title belongs;
Here there is dying and sighing,
Life and gladness with the heavenly throngs.

We can make of this earth a heaven,
By being masters of sin;
By scattering sunshine and gladness,
With peace and contentment thrown in.

No Good-Byes in Heaven

In heaven no good-byes are spoken,
No tender, loving ties are broken;
But joy and peace forevermore,
Upon the happy, golden shore.

How precious, no good-byes in heaven,
No farewell words are ever spoken;
Where friend from friend will never part,
No tears in eyes, no grief of heart.

Good-byes are often spoken here,
Hence eyes are filled with many a tear;
We meet and part like ships at sea,
From parting days but few are free.

For in this world we meet to part,
How brief the fellowship of hearts;
We meet today and part tomorrow;
It fills our hearts with care and sorrow.

Good-byes are floating on the air,
At home, abroad, and everywhere;
From children's lips they spring with glee,
While the aged whisper them dolefully.

Our last good-bye will soon be said.
If by God's Spirit we are led,
Parting from earth, we'll enter heaven,
Where heart from heart is never riven.

God's Hand in America's History

I see the loving hand of God,
In America's history grand;
And He who guides the course of worlds,
Watches o'er our native land.

Was with her in her infant days,
Stood by the cradle of her birth;
Guided the Pilgrims to our shores,
Established liberty on the earth.

On America's bleak and rock-bound coast,
Hope rose like a star at night;
As the Pilgrims sought the help of God,
Who turns darkness into light.

God's hand was with our Washington,
And his heroic soldier band,
Wresting liberty from a foreign foe,
Through blood wrought deeds, most grand.

Upon the ashes of a monarchy,
Built a nation great and strong,
For the oppressed of every land on earth,
Who are true to freedom's song.

Through the angry billows of Civil War,
God brought the Ship of State;
Through Lincoln and the boys in blue,
Saved her from disunion's fate.

Be with us yet our Father's God,
We plead of Thee most true;
Shield the Starry banner of the Free,
Our own red, white and blue.

Remember the Brave

Memorial Day we gladly keep,
And love its hallowed hours;
For the brave beneath the sod asleep,
We scatter earth's fair flowers.

When father Abraham sent the call,
For men to volunteer;
From farm and factory, college hall,
The boys in blue said "Here."

The young and brave fell in the strife,
For country, flag and home;
They bade adieu to children, wife,
Through bloody fields to roam.

How grand they fell on battle field,
And starved in prisons drear,
Let hearts the sweetest homage yield,
And bring our flowers here.

All hail the brave who fell asleep,
On Southern battle fields;
God ease the hearts of those who weep,
Their precious memory shields.

Let roses sweet their graves surround,
And lilies white, there bloom;
To deck the unknown soldier's mound,
Or those sleeping 'neath the tomb.

O gray-haired heroes ye who stand,
War-aged before your years,
Your sleeves without an arm or hand,
We blend with you our tears.

The sweetest flowers that ever bloom,
We wreath around your head,
Lay others on your comrades' tomb,
And remember the gallant dead.

Wave, ye starry banner, wave,
The emblem of the free;
Your stars were fixed there by the brave.
They carried you to victory.

Go then where'er the soldiers sleep,
Make holy May's closing hours;
Their memory like choicest pearls we keep,
And strew their graves with flowers.

No, Flowers for the Soldiers?

No flowers for the soldiers
In God's great world so fair?
No petals sweet a-blooming
In the woods or anywhere?

No flowers for the heroes,
The boys both grand and true?
The boys who saved the Union,
The boys who wore the blue?

Go search the fields for flowers,
Those white and every hue;
And twine them into garlands,
For the boys who wore the blue.

Let not a single soldier's grave
Be without some blossom sweet;
For God has provided flowers
To lay at heroes' feet.

The rich can buy some roses,
And the poor can find a few,
Perhaps a bunch of daisies
For some grave where lays the blue.

And don't forget the unknown dead,
But sing their requiem, too;
And hang a wreath upon each slab,
For these boys who wore the blue.

And teach your children's children,
Of these veterans true and brave;
And have them search for flowers
To deck a soldier's grave.

At the dawn of Decoration Day,
Make hallowed all its hours;
Salute the flag they died to save
And cover their graves with flowers.

And shout hurrah for those who march
Their comrades' graves to strew;
And scatter sweet forget-me-nots
In the path of the boys in blue.

No flowers for the soldiers?
Ah, God's sunshine and His dew
Have most bountifully provided
For each boy who wore the blue.

Waiting for Christmas

"How long it is before Christmas?"
Said a patient little boy;
Who was longing and anxiously waiting,
To dip in its well of joy.

"How slowly the days are passing,
As I count them one by one;
Before the dawn of the Christmas morn,
With its bundles and bushels of fun.

Santa's so slow in coming,
He moves as with leaden wheel;
I'm getting so tired of waiting,
I can't tell you just how I feel.

But Santa will bring me something,
Packages, both large and small;
You bet your boots I'm anxious,
His bundles to overhaul.

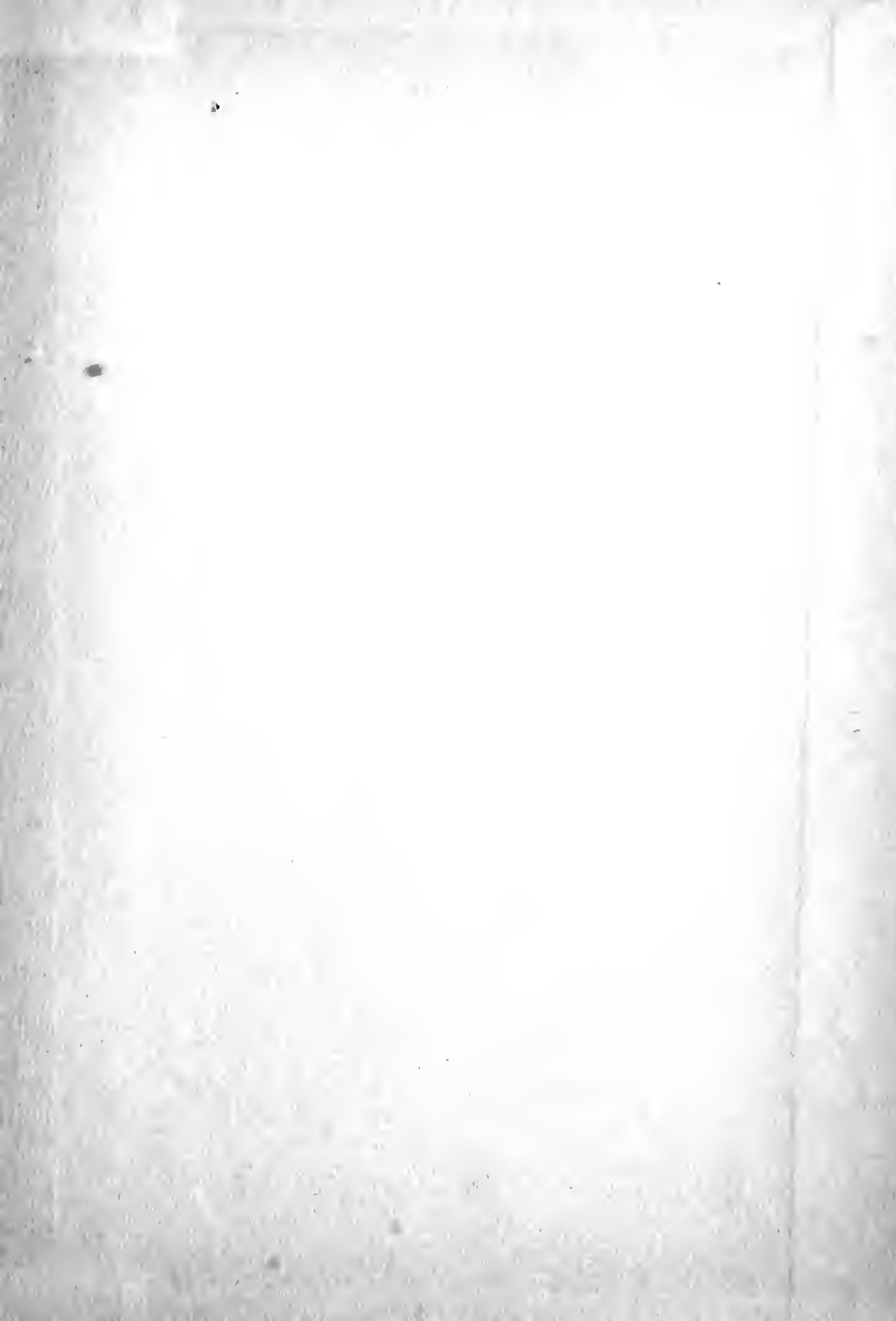
Hurry up, hurry up, old Santa,
Come with your joys and fun;
If I could get behind your reindeer,
I would soon have them on the run.

I think old Santa is coming,
I believe I hear a bell;
And the shouts of his ringing laughter,
As he spins through vale and dell.

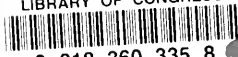
I'm tired, old Santa, awaiting,
For your bundles and pack of joy;
Just imagine, that I'm you, Santa,
And you are the waiting boy."



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